

MARVEL

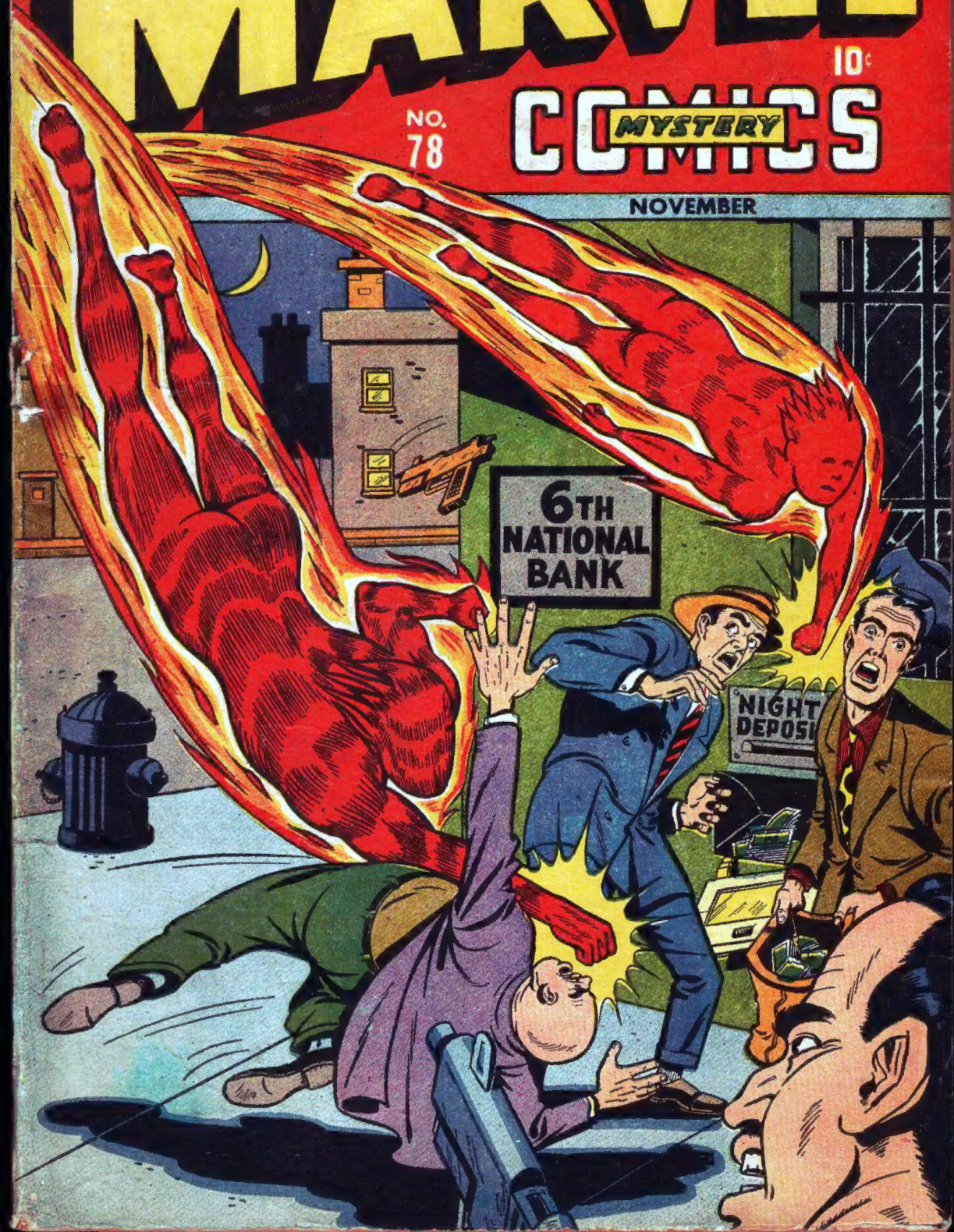
10¢

NO.
78

COMICS

MYSTERY

NOVEMBER



Here's The Greatest Offer Ever Made To Amateur Camera Fans!

For Only \$3.98 You Get A Complete
5-PIECE CANDID TYPE CAMERA OUTFIT

Plus a chance to WIN \$500.00 CASH



OUTFIT INCLUDES ALL THIS:

- ★ Genuine Prize-Winning PHOTO-CRAFT CAMERA
- ★ Shoulder Strap CARRYING CASE ★ 3 ROLLS No.127 FILM
- ★ Entry Blank in Amateur Picture-Taking Contest for Best Pictures Taken with a Photo-Craft Camera

58 AWARDS TOTALING \$1250

1st Prize \$500 2nd Prize \$250 3rd Prize \$100
25-510 Honorable Mentions \$250 20-25 Merit Awards \$100

ALL FOR ONLY
\$3.98
POST PAID

**PICTURES YOU TAKE TODAY
WILL BE THE TREASURES OF TOMORROW**

And, with your very first Photo-Craft snapshot you may win a treasure for yourself, today. For your Prize Winning Photo-Craft Camera outfit comes to you ready to go to work—a handy shoulder strap carrying case AND enough film for 48 exposures—for only \$3.98. Imagine getting for so little a camera capable of taking Prize Winning pictures! You need no special skill to operate a Photo-Craft. Even if you have never used ANY camera, the Photo-Craft is so simple and "picture-sure" that the first picture you take of a loved one, your mom or the family pet may be a "Prize Winner"—a picture that may earn for you as much as \$500! And remember your Photo-Craft will also take full color pictures when loaded with colorchrome film. So whether for a gift or for yourself, order your Photo-Craft now. Complete details of the great \$1,250 Prize Contest together with an entry blank are included with your prize-winning, 5-piece Photo-Craft Camera outfit.

**LOOK AT
ALL THESE
FEATURES**

- ★ Genuine German Ground and Polish Polished Lens
- ★ Takes 16 Pictures on Any Standard No. 127 Film
- ★ Will Take Pictures in Full Color
- ★ Has "Bulldozer" Level View Finder
- ★ Easy, Simple, Foolproof Operation
- ★ Built-In No-Glare Eye Shade

Sold on an "Examine At Our Risk"
GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION

Yes, if you don't feel that your Photo-Craft is everything you expected, you may return it in 10 days for complete refund.

RUSH THIS COUPON FOR CAMERA OUTFIT

NATIONAL NOVELTIES, Dept. PW32
608 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Rush my Prize Winning Photo-Craft outfit at \$3.98 with Handy Shoulder Strap Carrying Case and 3 rolls of No. 127 Film—and complete details of the Photo-Craft \$1,250 Contest for Amateur Camera Fans. My money will be refunded if returned in 10 days.

CHECK ONE

- ☐ I'm enclosing \$3.98 in full payment. Ship Postpaid.
- ☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$3.98 plus postage.

Name _____
(Please Print Clearly)
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Biggest Smoker's Value Ever!

**Windproof LIGHTER and
POP-UP**
Top slides open and pops
up your favorite cigarette



**For Your
Smoking
Pleasure**

**A THRILL BY THEMSELVES ...
... A TRIUMPH TOGETHER**

Take the lighter, for instance! It's a genuine "Feather Lite," cased in gleaming heat resistant black plastic. Famed for the instant, positive action it's the favorite "flame" of smokers the nation over. Just a twist of your thumb lights it—and its wind guard keeps it lit. And if you want the joy of added smoking pleasure, your answer is the matching POP-UP cigarette case, which is actually a cigarette butler too, ready to serve you on split-second notice! Every cigarette that bobs up out of a POP-UP is invitingly fresh, firm and enjoyably fragrant! They're a peach of a pair, both yours to own for only \$2.98—and if you don't think you've bought a double value after seeing your thrilling twosome—we'll refund your money cheerfully ... quick as a flash ... And that's a promise!

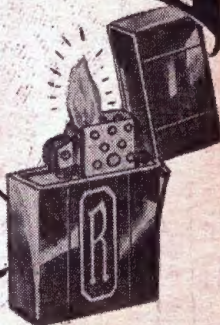
Plastic CIGARETTE CASE

**BOTH FOR
\$2.98**
TAX FREE
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**A Matched Set
You'll Be Proud
To Give or Get**

**Both
Personalized**

With a Rich Silver on Black
MONOGRAMMED INITIAL
of your own choice



MAIL THIS COUPON FOR SMOKER SET

IMPERIAL INDUSTRIES—Dept. RP85 **PRINT INITIAL**
618 So. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill. **IN THIS BOX** ☐
Please rush Feather Lite Windproof Lighter and Matching POP-UP Cigarette case personalized with initial printed in box above.

CHECK ONE

- ☐ I am enclosing \$2.98. Send my Personalized Smoker Set Postpaid
- ☐ Send my Personalized Smoker Set C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2.98 plus postage.

Name _____
Please Print Clearly
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

THE HUMAN TORCH



IN EGYPT--LAND OF MYSTERY--TORCH AND TORO FIND THEIR WEIRDEST, MOST PULSE-BEATING ADVENTURE WHEN CENTURIES ROLL BACK--AND THE MYSTIC PAST SPEWS A STRANGE SECRET! A SECRET THAT BRINGS LIFE TO A DEMON AND DEATH TO HAPLESS INNOCENTS! AGAINST A POWER REACHING FAR BEYOND THE EARTH, BATTLES THE BRAVE CRIME-CRUSHING TEAM, IN GRIM PERIL-PACKED PURSUIT OF A HAIR-RAISING HORROR OF A MAN...

3000 *years* DEAD!

ONE DAY TORCH AND TORO RECEIVE AN UNUSUAL VISIT.

I'M MORSE KENYON, DIRECTOR OF THE ARCHEOLOGICAL DEPT. FOR THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

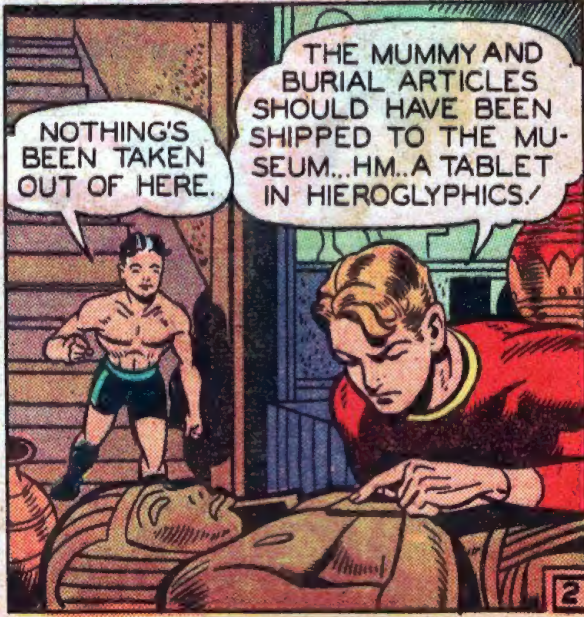
I'VE HEARD OF YOU. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

LEAVE FOR EGYPT TO SAVE 3 LIVES!

WELL, TORO?

I'M RARING TO GO!

IN A COMET FLIGHT, TORCH AND TORO SPAN THE ATLANTIC AND REACH THAT FABULOUS CITY, CAIRO, EGYPT'S GATEWAY.



MY STUDY OF EGYPTIAN IS COMING IN HANDY. "O GREAT GOD ISIRIS, GRANT TRANQUILITY TO THE SPIRIT OF PRINCE ABA FEY WHO LED THE SUCCESSFUL REVOLT AGAINST KING ABDULLAH RAZMUZ."

TORCH, COME HERE! A MESSAGE!



"SCONIA" RAZMUZ IS BIGGER GAME THAN THIS ONE. WE'RE SEARCHING FOR HIM ALONG CIRCLE-MARKED UNDERGROUND PASSAGE. FOLLOW... ABBOT."



INTENSIVE SEARCH THROUGH THE WEIRD MORTUARY.

HERE'S THE MARK! WE'LL MOVE THE STONE AND PRESTO-THE PASSAGE.

TRAIL'S GETTING HOT! LET'S GO!



THE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE LEADS OUT TO AN ODD LAND OF HILLS AND HOWLING BIRDS--

LOOK! A TENT! WE'VE FOUND SOMETHING!



GOOD! WE'VE FLOWN MILES OVER THIS FORSAKEN TERRITORY! LET'S LOOK-SEE!

IN THE TENT.

WHAT A FIND! THE 3000 YEAR OLD MUMMY OF KING ABDULLAH RAZMUZ.

ABBOT, DON'T YOU REALIZE WE'RE LOST?



LOST AND FOUND! WE WERE SENT TO LOCATE YOU.



WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT THIS MUMMY?

IMPORTANT? HE WAS BURIED ALIVE AFTER THE REVOLT LED BY PRINCE ABA FEY. SCONIA, WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

THERE'S SOMETHING HERE!

A SEALED METAL BOX--IN THIS BOX LIES LIFE--AND DEATH--TO WHOEVER OPENS IT!

THOSE EGYPTIAN CURSES DON'T SCARE ME. I'LL OPEN IT!

NO! WAIT!

GRANTED NONE OF US BELIEVES IN ANCIENT CURSES-- BUT THIS THING MIGHT CONTAIN A DEATH INSTRUMENT. WAIT UNTIL YOU CAN HAVE THE BOX X-RAYED.

TORCH IS RIGHT. I'LL PUT IT BACK AT THE MUMMY'S FEET.

COME ON, LET'S SHOW TORCH AND TORO THE TOMB WHERE WE FOUND THE MUMMY.

GOOD IDEA!

AS THE PARTY LEAVES, ONE FIGURE HANGS BACK!

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO OPEN THAT BOX!

A SCARAB! MMM...THE INSCRIPTION SAYS, "SACRED TO THE GOD ISIRIS"...I'VE READ ABOUT IT IN EGYPTIAN HISTORY. KING RAZMUZ HAD IMMORTALITY AS LONG AS HE HAD IT WITHIN SIGHT OF HIM...IT HAD TO BE STOLEN FROM HIM BEFORE THEY COULD CAPTURE HIM...

NOTHING DEADLY ABOUT THIS SCARAB. IT'S UTTER NONSENSE!

NONSENSE? IT IS IT? LOOK BEHIND YOU, A LOT! THE MUMMY IS COMING TO LIFE!

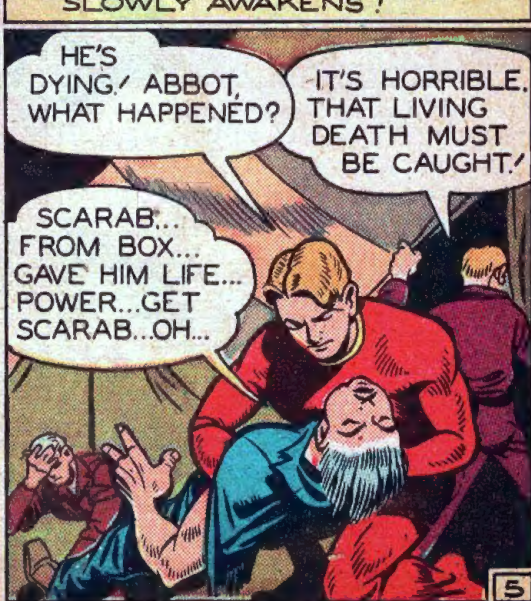
AS THE RAYS CONTINUE
TO BATHE THE MAN
3000 YEARS DEAD...

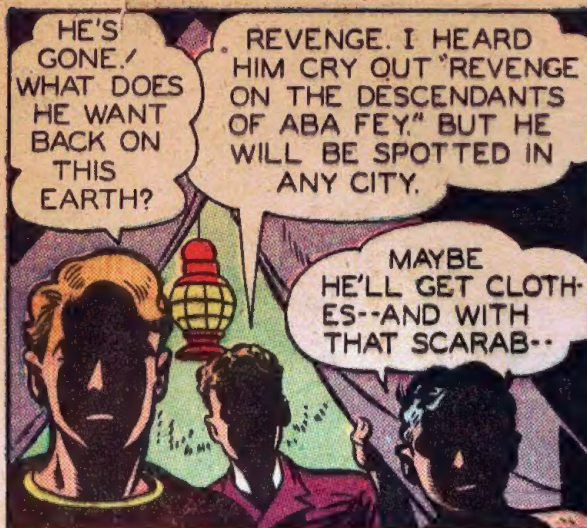
A MOMENT
LATER...



BUT POWERFUL FINGERS
GRASP THE SCARAB
AND WORK ITS SPELL---

THE HORRIBLE CREATURE
DISAPPEARS INTO THE
NIGHT-AND SOON THE GROUP
SLOWLY AWAKENS!





HE'S GONE! WHAT DOES HE WANT BACK ON THIS EARTH?

REVENGE. I HEARD HIM CRY OUT "REVENGE ON THE DESCENDANTS OF ABA FEY." BUT HE WILL BE SPOTTED IN ANY CITY.

MAYBE HE'LL GET CLOTHES--AND WITH THAT SCARAB--

THE NEXT DAY AT DAWN IN ALEXANDRIA...



WE'LL SAIL FOR HOME ON THE NEXT SHIP..LAST NIGHT SEEMS LIKE A NIGHTMARE.

IT WAS REAL, ALL RIGHT.

WE'LL CHECK ON THE DESCENDANTS OF ABA FEY.

A HALF HOUR LATER...



YES, TWO DESCENDANTS OF ABA FEY--ONE A DOCTOR SIDI FEY AT III BAKAR--A ROAD--THE OTHER, A GIRL LANDA..BUT SHE LEFT 3 YEARS AGO.

THAT'S GOOD. COME ON, TORO!

NOT LONG AFTER AT THE HOME OF DR. SIDI FEY--



WE THINK YOU'RE IN GREAT DANGER. WE'D LIKE TO STAND GUARD HERE, DR. FEY.

I AM HONORED TO HAVE SUCH PROTECTORS.

MEANWHILE...



WHAT A STRANGE WORLD THIS IS! NO CAMELS OR CAR-AVANS! A PERSON IS COMING. I SHALL CAST A HYPNOTIC SPELL OVER HIM...

SUDDENLY..



SALA LAGARA SALA ARABAH! I WHO HAVE RISEN FROM THE DEAD COMMAND.. I NEED INFORMATION, CLOTHES, AND SHELTER.

I OBEY, OH ANCIENT ONE--AND AM READY TO DO YOUR BIDDING.

AFTER THE MUMMY IS CLOTHED, THE BEDOUIN GOES ON A MISSION.

MASTER, THERE ARE TWO DESCENDANTS OF PRINCE ABA FEY-ONE WELL GUARDED AT III BAKARA...

THE GUARDS MUST BE LURED AWAY. TAKE THIS MESSAGE.

THIS INSTRUMENT OF THE VOICE WILL DELIVER A MESSAGE MANY MILES AWAY.

AN INSTRUMENT OF LAZINESS! BUT USE IT!

SOON TORCH GETS A PHONE CALL.

I AM HOLDING PRISONER A MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF KING ABDULLAH RAZMUZ. IF YOU WISH HIM, COME AT ONCE TO 85 MARCULA...

COMING RIGHT OUT!

RIGHT! WE'LL TURN BACK!

WAIT A MINUTE! HOW DID THAT EGYPTIAN **KNOW** I WANT OLD RAZMUZ? SOUNDS LIKE A RUSE!

AT SIDI FEY'S, A REVENGE-CRAZED 'MUMMY' APPEARS.

KALAVENGE! KALAVENGE! YOU WILL DIE!

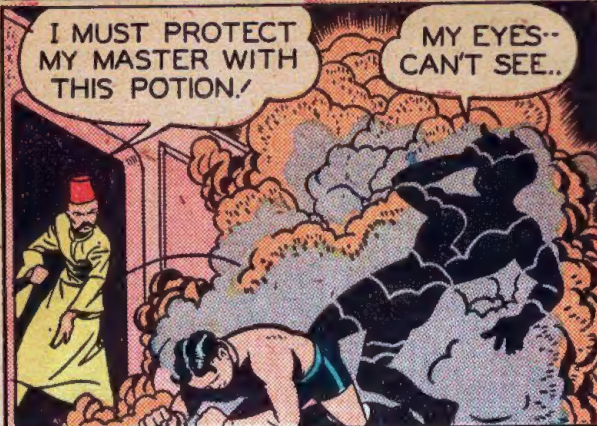
NO! WHAT HAVE I DONE? TORCH!

IN A SECOND, THE FRANTIC CRY IS ANSWERED!

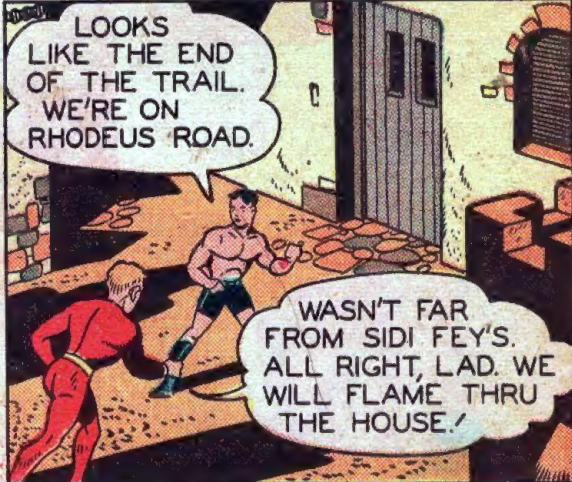
I'LL UNFLAME AND FINISH THE JOB! DESTROY THE SCARAB, TORO!

IT DOESN'T BURN! I'LL HAVE TO PICK IT UP!

AS THE DUO UNFLAMES, A BLAZE OF GREAT BRILLIANCE HITS...



WHEN TORCH AND TORO RECOVER..



WITH ATOMIC SPEED THE DUO REACHES THE TOMB!

BURIED ALIVE! BUT HE'S STILL BREATHING!

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! WE'D BETTER GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL UNDER A PULMOTOR --BUT QUICK! ANOTHER LIFE'S AT STAKE!

RIGHT!

HOURS PASS BEFORE THE EGYPTIAN REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES, BUT UNDER A HYPNOTIC SPELL I TOLD RAZMUZ THAT LANDA IS MARRIED AND LIVING IN NEW YORK-- AT 100 EAST RIVER PLACE. HE ALSO KNOWS ABOUT A ROCKET PLANE BOUND FOR NEW YORK.

LET'S GO, TORCH.

AFTER A DASH TO THE AIRPORT--

THAT PLANE TOOK OFF HOURS AGO ON A TEST RUN. THE PILOT WAS TO GO ALONE, BUT AT THE LAST MINUTE HE TOOK AN OLD EGYPTIAN ALONG.

HYPNOTIZED NO DOUBT! HMM...

IN THE MEANTIME...

AMAZING TO BE BORNE BY THIS GREAT BIRD! ARE WE NEARLY THERE? YOU WILL DIRECT ME TO THE PLACE I DESIRE TO GO.

YES, MASTER.

AFTER THE ROCKET PLANE LANDS, A STRANGE FIGURE STROLLS ALONG THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK...

WHAT. TALL PYRAMIDS! I WILL VISIT THE GREAT TOMBS AFTER MY SACRED MISSION OF REVENGE IS DONE.

WOW! WHAT A SHOW GAG!

WITH A BURST OF SPEED,
THE FLAME TEAM
REACHES THE METROPOLIS.

THE ROCKET
PLANE CHECKED
IN ALREADY. OUR
NEXT STOP WILL
BE LANDA FEY'S.

AS THE DUO ROCKETS UP
FIFTH AVENUE--

I'M THROUGH WITH
MUSEUMS. THEY REMIND
ME OF MUMMIES!

YOU'RE
WRONG, SON.
WE'RE GOING IN
SEE THAT LIGHT
IN THE EGYPTIAN
ROOM?

OUT! OUR
MASTER
IS AT PRAYER..
HEATHENS ARE
FORBIDDEN.

MASTER? THAT
DOES IT. THE MUM-
MY HYPNOTIZED
HIM. WE'LL HAVE
TO USE OUR BRAND
OF HYPNOTISM.

STEP ASIDE! WE'VE A DATE
WITH THE MASTER-MUMMY!
HE'D BETTER SAY HIS PRAYERS.

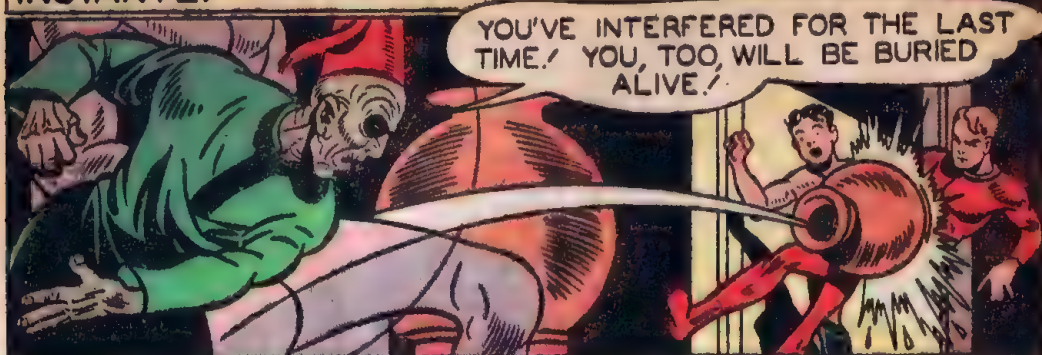
GREAT GOD ISIRIS,
GIVE ME A SIGN OF
DISPLEASURE IF YOU
ARE ANGRY AT MY
ACT OF REVENGE.

IF ISIRIS IS ANGRY
HIS EYES ARE SUP-
POSED TO FLASH.
TORO, I'VE AN
IDEA...

BUT BEFORE THE
POWERHOUSE
PAIR CAN ACT--

THE
ENEMY!

INSTANTLY THE MURDEROUS ANCIENT STRIKES!



YOU'VE INTERFERED FOR THE LAST TIME! YOU, TOO, WILL BE BURIED ALIVE!

IN FLEET TIME...



IN THIS CRYPT THEY WILL PERISH! THEN ON TO MY FINAL REVENGE!

AFTER TORCH AND TORO RECOVER FROM THE BLOWS!



WE'RE GETTING SOME AIR THROUGH THAT OLD VENTILATOR!

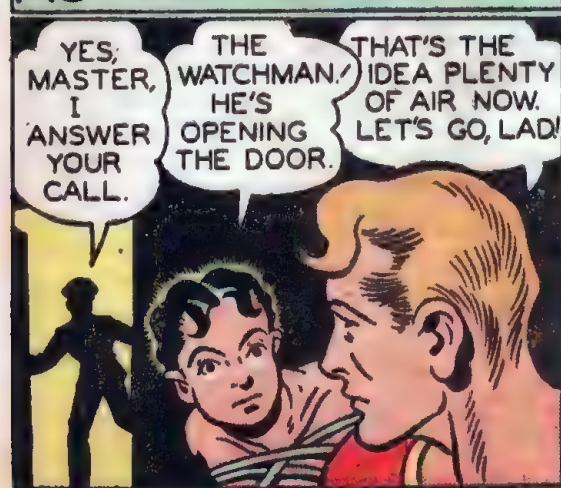
SUDDENLY TORCH SAYS BESEECHINGLY...



SALA LAGARA SALA ARABUH! SALA LAGARA SALA ARABUH!

TORCH! GOSH! HE'S GOING OUT OF HIS MIND!

AS TORCH'S LUNG-BURSTING CHANT CONTINUES...

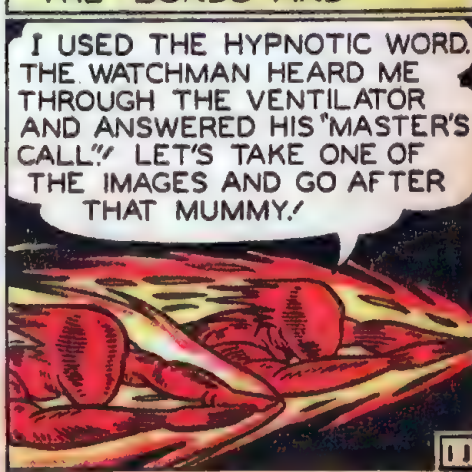


YES, MASTER, I ANSWER YOUR CALL.

THE WATCHMAN! HE'S OPENING THE DOOR.

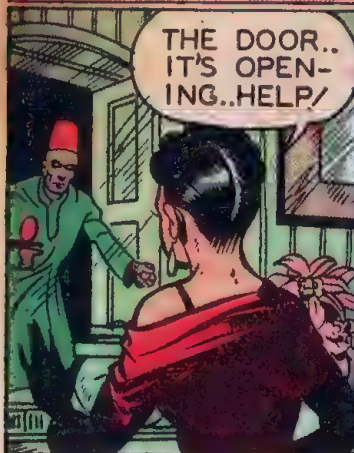
THAT'S THE IDEA! PLENTY OF AIR NOW. LET'S GO, LAD!

IN SPLIT SECONDS THE FIERY PAIR SEVERS THE BONDS AND--



I USED THE HYPNOTIC WORD. THE WATCHMAN HEARD ME THROUGH THE VENTILATOR AND ANSWERED HIS 'MASTER'S CALL'! LET'S TAKE ONE OF THE IMAGES AND GO AFTER THAT MUMMY!

IN THE APARTMENT OF
THE LOVELY LANDA...



THE DOOR..
IT'S OPEN-
ING..HELP!

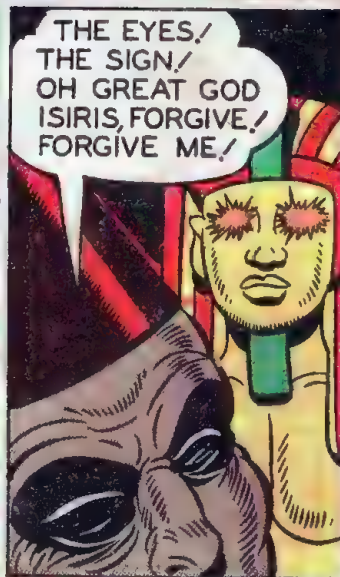


I COME FOR
REVENGE--
NOW YOU
DIE!

THEN FROM
THE
OPEN DOOR/



ISIRIS FORBID/
ISIRIS STRIKES YOU.
DOWN, RE ISIRIS
HARA CALMUS..



THE EYES/
THE SIGN/
OH GREAT GOD
ISIRIS, FORGIVE/
FORGIVE ME!

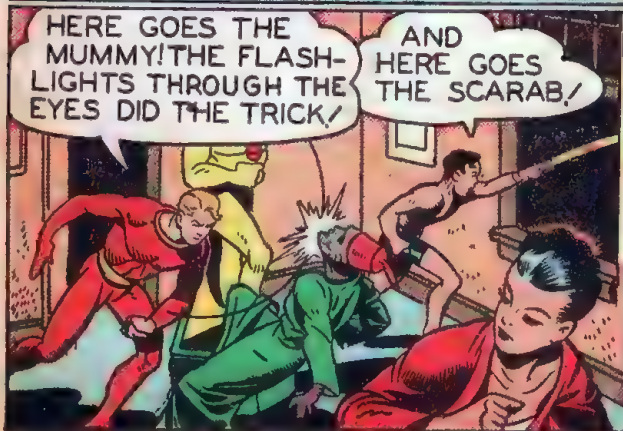
AS THE FIGURE
GROVELS
BEFORE THE IMAGE!



THIS
IS MY
END--
MY
END...

IT
SURE
IS...

THEN THE DUO SPRINGS
FROM POSITIONS BEHIND
THE IMAGE AND...

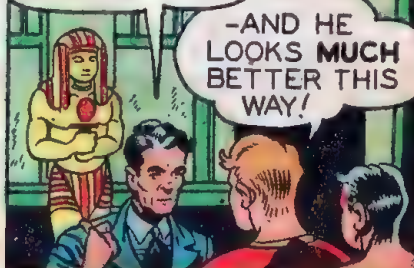


HERE GOES THE
MUMMY! THE FLASH-
LIGHTS THROUGH THE
EYES DID THE TRICK!

AND
HERE GOES
THE SCARAB!

LATER AT THE MUSEUM:

THIS IS A VALUABLE
ADDITION TO OUR
MUSEUM.. EX-KING RAZMUZ
3600 YEARS DEAD-24
HOURS ALIVE--



-AND HE
LOOKS MUCH
BETTER THIS
WAY!

THE END

12

SUB-MARINER

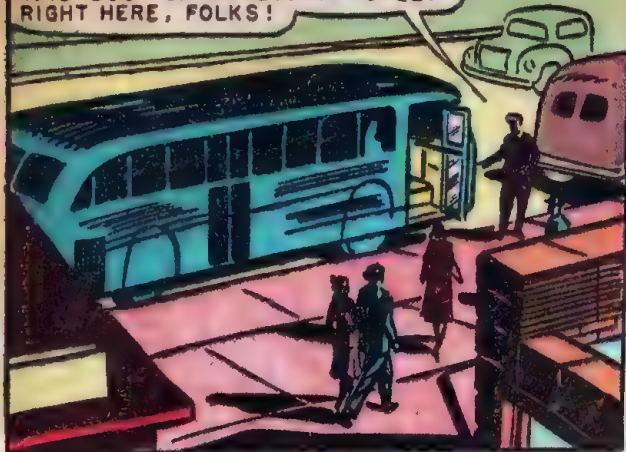


INTO THE PRESENT DESCENDS A THING OF EVIL - A HORRENDOUS WEAPON OF DEATH - BELONGING TO TERRORIZING TIMES OF A SUPERSTITIOUS PAST - THE RESURRECTION OF A WITCH!... AND INTO SUCH STRANGE SURROUNDINGS SWIMS THE MIGHTY **SUBMARINER** - INTO THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE, MURDER-MYSTERY
--- THE CASE OF

"THE WITCH OF CAPETOWN!"

AT CAPETOWN IN NEW ENGLAND - TOURISTS
GATHER...

THIS BUS FOR CAPETOWN HOTEL!
RIGHT HERE, FOLKS!



MISS, YOU
DROPPED
A FLOWER!

KEEP IT. WEAR
IT IN YOUR
LAPEL!

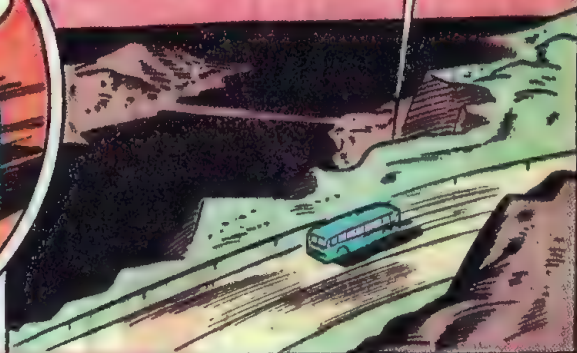


SOON THE FULLY OCCUPIED BUS
STARTS...

SO YOU'VE ALL COME DOWN FOR THE
HISTORICAL PAGEANT?...IT'S
GOING TO BE SOMETHING. THE
WHOLE WORKS...EVEN THE WITCH-
CRAFT CRAZE THIS TOWN HAD
250 YEARS AGO.



ACROSS THE CAUSEWAY IS GALLOW'S
ISLE WHERE THE WITCHES WERE
HANGED. IT'S SAID ONE OF THE MOST
FAMOUS WITCHES WAS HELEN STANDER.



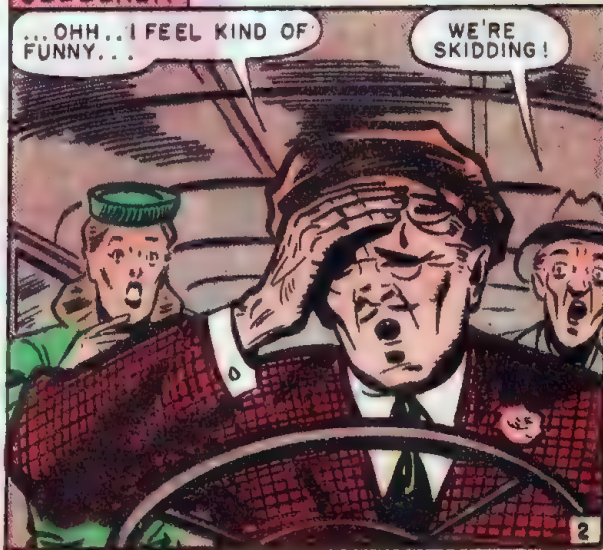
I KNOW! HELEN STANDER'S MY
NAME, TOO... I'M HER DIRECT
DESCENDANT—AN UMPTENTH
GREAT GRAND-DAUGHTER...
BUT DON'T BE ALARMED. I'M
NO WITCH!



SUDDENLY!

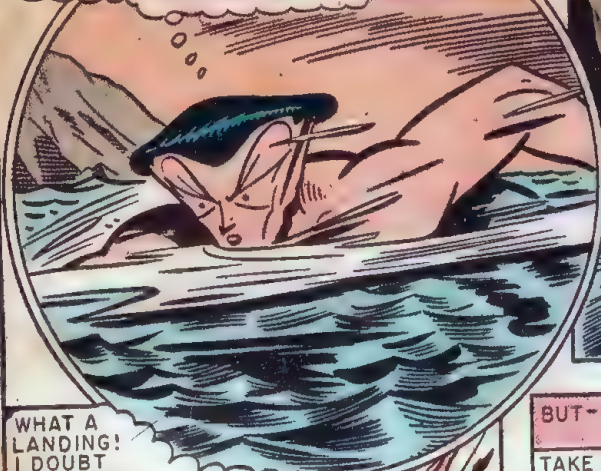
...OHH... I FEEL KIND OF
FUNNY...

WE'RE
SKIDDING!

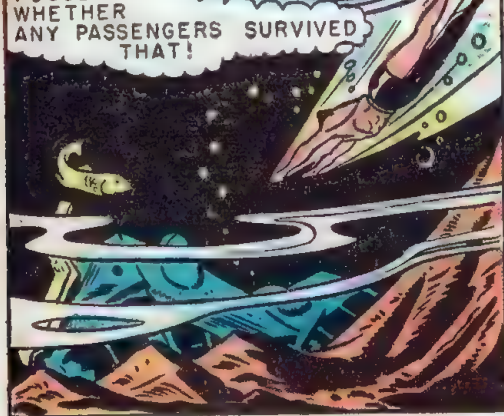


WHILE JUST AROUND A BEND IN THE CAPE...

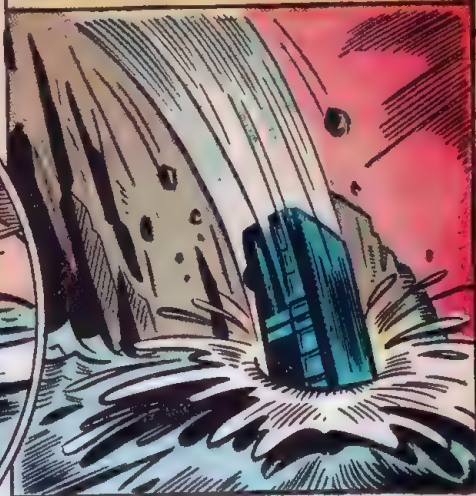
I'M GLAD I COULD GET HERE FOR THE HISTORICAL PAGEANT. WONDER IF BETTY'S ARRIVED YET...



WHAT A LANDING! I DOUBT WHETHER ANY PASSENGERS SURVIVED THAT!



SUDDENLY, SUBMARINER SEES...



BUT - OUT OF THE DEBRIS COMES ONE SURVIVOR...

TAKE CARE OF HER. I'LL GO DOWN FOR THE OTHERS!

THEY MUST ALL BE DEAD!

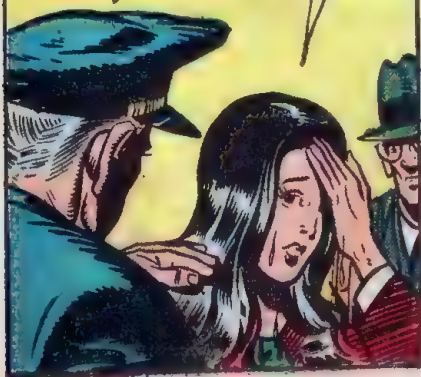
HOW TERRIBLE!



WHILE SUBMARINER IS OCCUPIED UNDERWATER...

...SO YOU'RE MISS STANDER? WE'LL GET YOU TO THE HOTEL.

...THE DRIVER SUDDENLY LOST CONTROL OF THE WHEEL.



SOME MINUTES LATER...

WE TOOK HER TO THE HOTEL, SUBMARINER!

SHE'S MIGHTY LUCKY TO COME OUT ALIVE...

MAYBE THERE'S A REASON. SHE'S A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE WITCH!

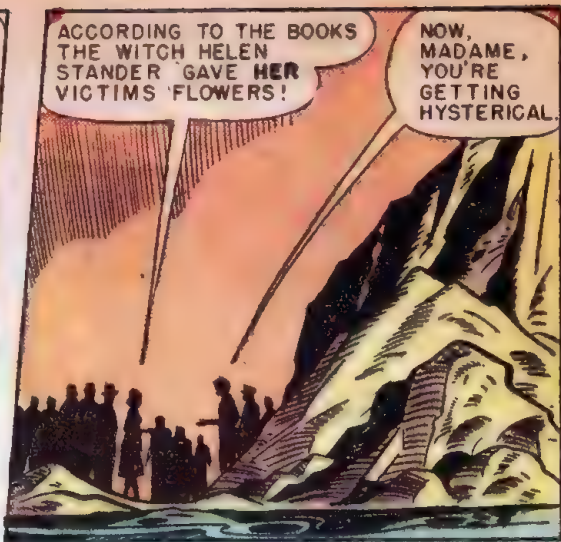


MAYBE THERE'S SOME WITCH BLOOD IN HER. SHE EVEN LOOKS LIKE THE PICTURES OF THAT STANDER WITCH!

EMMA HARTLEY'S RIGHT!... WHAT'S MORE, I SAW THAT GAL GIVE THE BUS DRIVER A FLOWER!

ACCORDING TO THE BOOKS THE WITCH HELEN STANDER GAVE HER VICTIMS FLOWERS!

NOW, MADAME, YOU'RE GETTING HYSTERICAL.



HYSTERICAL, HUH? MY WIFE IS ONE OF THE MOST SOBER-MINDED WOMEN IN THE COUNTY! YOU CAN'T GO RUNNING HER DOWN! I'LL SHOW YOU!

TAKE IT EASY... I'M SOUNDING A GENERAL ALARM AGAINST HYSTERIA... THERE'S NO PROOF THAT BUS TRAGEDY WAS MORE THAN AN ACCIDENT. THE DRIVER COULD HAVE HAD A HEART ATTACK.



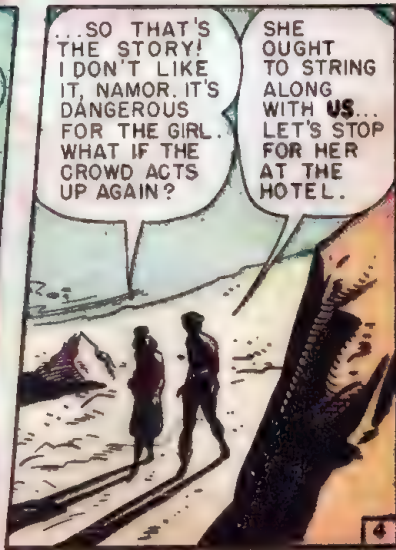
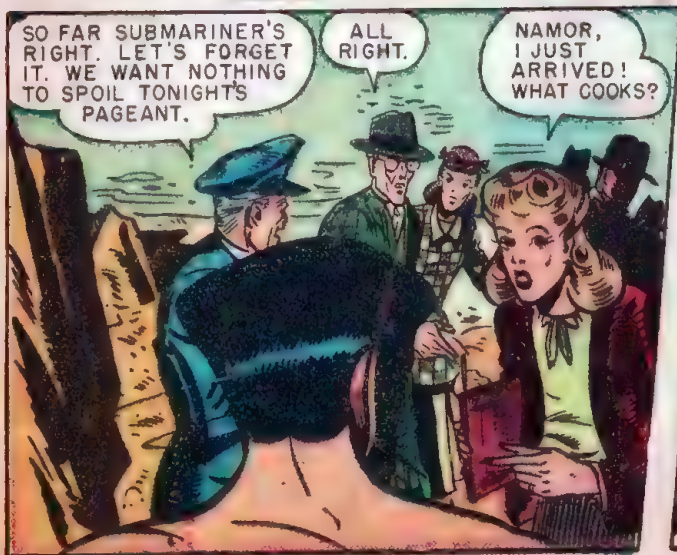
SO FAR SUBMARINER'S RIGHT. LET'S FORGET IT. WE WANT NOTHING TO SPOIL TONIGHT'S PAGEANT.

ALL RIGHT.

NAMOR, I JUST ARRIVED! WHAT COOKS?

...SO THAT'S THE STORY! I DON'T LIKE IT, NAMOR. IT'S DANGEROUS FOR THE GIRL. WHAT IF THE CROWD ACTS UP AGAIN?

SHE OUGHT TO STRING ALONG WITH US... LET'S STOP FOR HER AT THE HOTEL.



BUT ENTERING HELEN'S ROOM...

SHE'S NOT HERE!
...STRANGE. HER
SUITCASE IS
JUST HALF UN-
PACKED.

SHE MUST BE
AROUND...LET'S
LOOK FOR HER!

LATER...

WE HAVEN'T BEEN
ABLE TO LOCATE
HER. NAMOR, I'M
WONDERING...
WHY WAS THAT
BUS DRIVER
STRICKEN?

YOU DON'T
BELIEVE IN
WITCHES,
BETTY? COME
ON, TIME FOR
THE PAGEANT..

ON THE GREAT WATERFRONT STAGE...

HEAR YE! NEXT ON THE PROGRAM IS A DRAMA 'OF WITCHCRAFT.
JANE WALLIS WILL TAKE THE PART OF HELEN STANDER, THE FIRST WITCH
CONDEMNED TO DEATH. SUSAN AMES, DIRECT DESCENDANT OF HELEN
STANDER'S FIRST VICTIM - DAME SUSAN AMES - WILL PLAY THE VICTIM...
OVERTURE, PLEASE!

WHILE IN JANE WALLIS'S DRESSING-
ROOM...

OHhh...

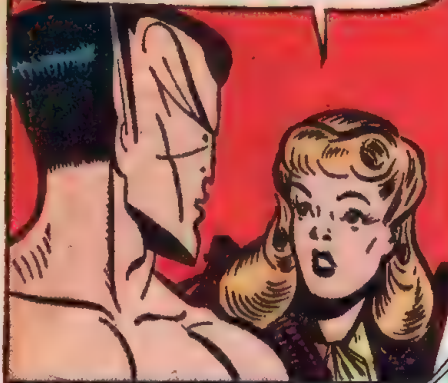
ONLY I CAN PLAY
THAT STAR
ROLE!

A STARTLINGLY REALISTIC PLAYLET
IS ENACTED.

I'M SO HAPPY YOU
LIKE THE BOUQUET
I BROUGHT, DAME
SUSAN.

IT'S
BEAUTI...
OHhh!

IT GIVES ME THE CHILLS... SHE'S COLLAPSED SO REALISTICALLY!

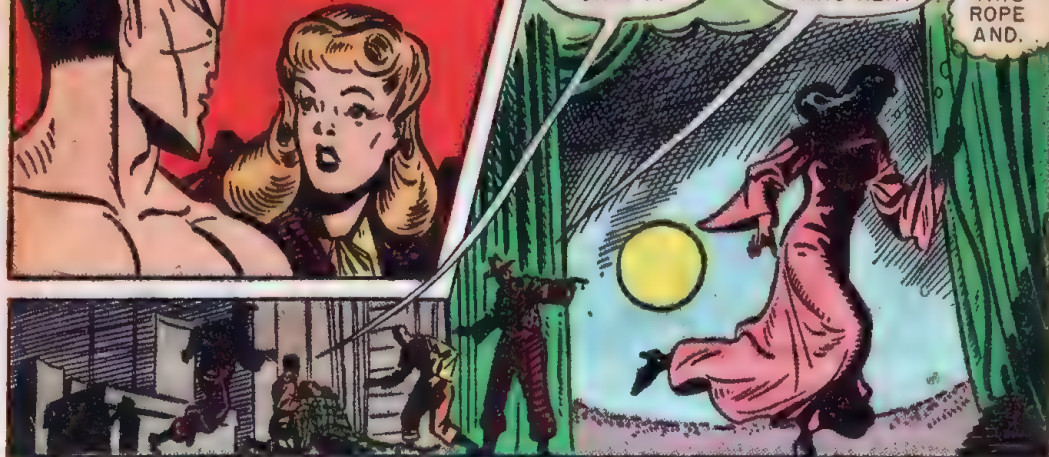


A MOMENT LATER, THE PLAYLET GATHERS CLIMACTIC IMPACT!

DAME AMES IS DEAD!... IT'S WITCH-CRAFT!

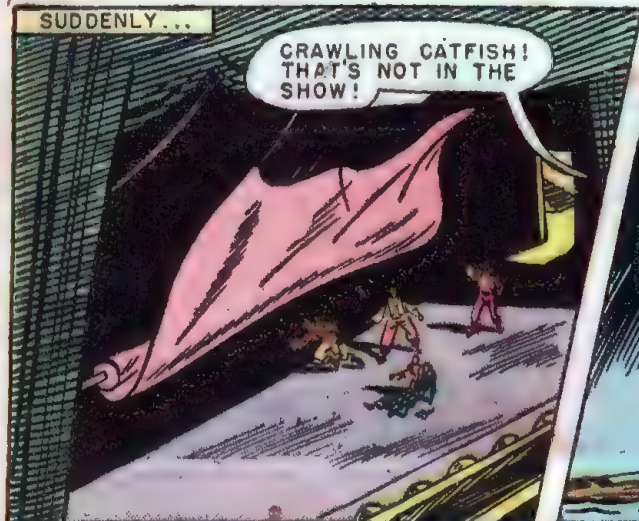
CATCH THAT WITCH! WE'LL HANG HER!

A TUG OF THIS ROPE AND...



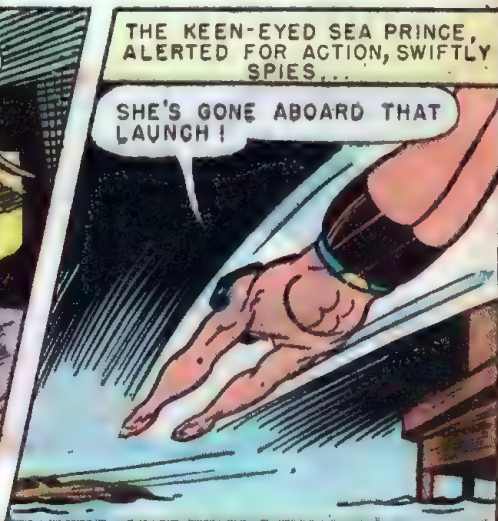
SUDDENLY...

CRAWLING CATFISH! THAT'S NOT IN THE SHOW!

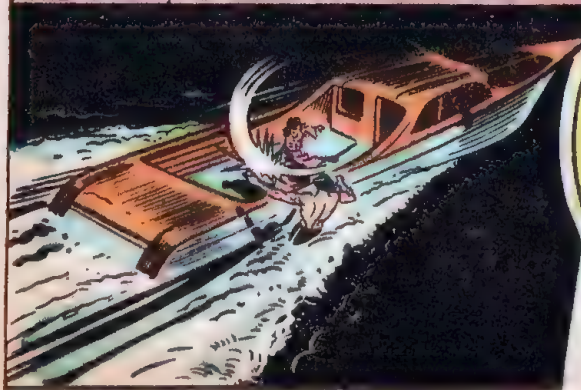


THE KEEN-EYED SEA PRINCE, ALERTED FOR ACTION, SWIFTLY SPIES...

SHE'S GONE ABOARD THAT LAUNCH!

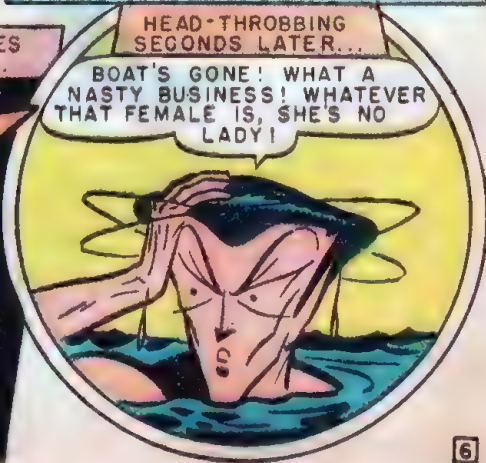


WITH FLASHING STROKES, NAMOR OVERTAKES THE CRAFT, IS CLIMBING ABOARD, WHEN...



HEAD-THROBBING SECONDS LATER...

BOAT'S GONE! WHAT A NASTY BUSINESS! WHATEVER THAT FEMALE IS, SHE'S NO LADY!



SHORTLY AFTER...

YEP... SUSAN'S DEAD...
BESIDES WE FOUND
JANE IN HER DRESSING-
ROOM. SHE'D BEEN
KNOCKED OUT.
HELEN STANDER
MUST'VE DONE IT!

AND TOOK
JANE'S
PLACE ON
THE STAGE.
MY WIFE
WAS RIGHT!

THAT
GAL'S
GOT
WITCH-
BLOOD.

SHE'S
DANGEROUS.
SHE'S APT
TO KILL
AGAIN!

WHO ELSE
WAS A
SO-CALLED
WITCH VICTIM
IN THE
STANDER
RECORD?

JOHN RICE... AND HIS
DIRECT DESCENDANT
WILLIAM LIVES HERE!
HE OWNS THE RIVER-
SIDE MILL.

I'M
GOING
RIGHT
OVER!

SOON...

IT SEEMS I'M TOO LATE!

WILLIAM
RICE ALL
RIGHT, ACCORD-
ING TO THE IDEN-
TIFICATION ON... MMM, SOUNDS
LIKE A BOAT STARTING...

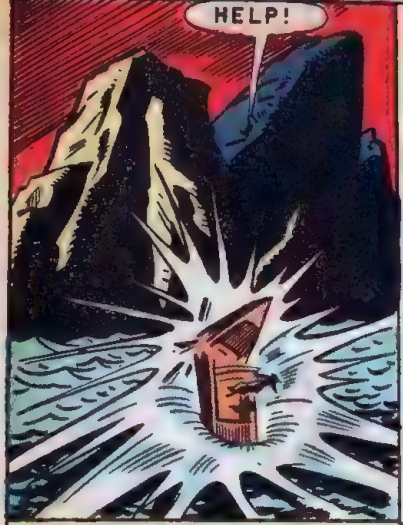
PUTT-
PUTT...

IN CYCLONIC SECONDS, THE SEA-PRINCE
SWIMS AFTER A WILDLY RACING CRAFT!

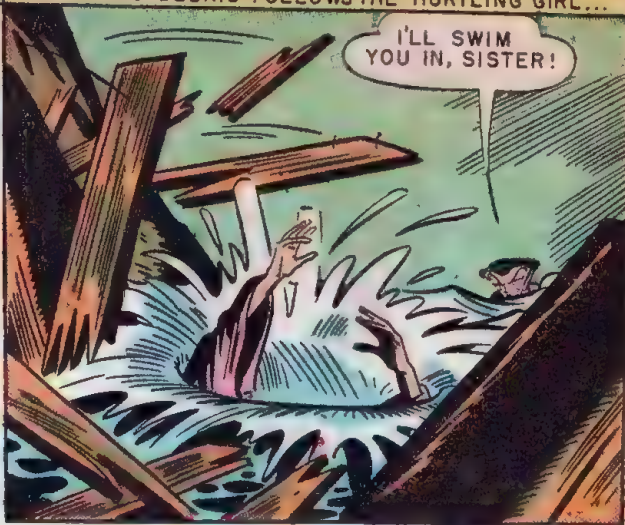
IT'S HEADED TOWARD THE ROCKS!

A FRACTION OF A SECOND LATER...

...AS FLYING DEBRIS FOLLOWS THE HURTLING GIRL...



HELP!



I'LL SWIM YOU IN, SISTER!

ASHORE, SAFE AND SOUND --

YOU'VE A LOT TO ANSWER FOR... SUCH AS THE DEATHS OF SUSAN AMES AND WILLIAM RICE!

BUT-- BUT...



I'M INNOCENT! I RECEIVED A CALL AT MY ROOM - AND... OH, THEY'RE COMING FOR ME!

THERE SHE IS! THE WITCH!



AS ROUGH HANDS SNATCH THE SUSPECTED WITCH-GIRL...

WE'LL HANG HER AT GALLOW'S ISLE!

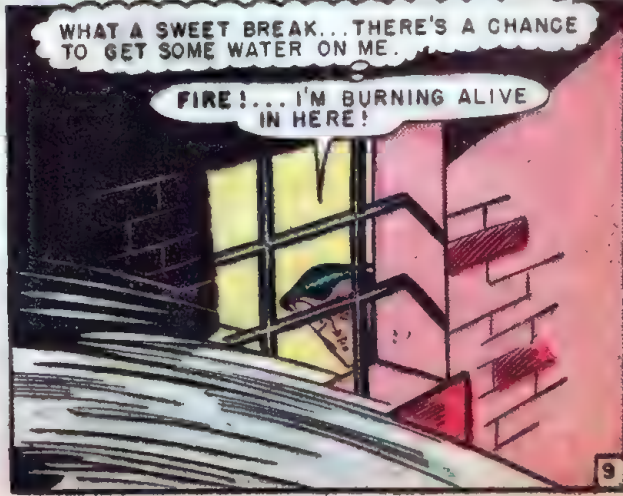
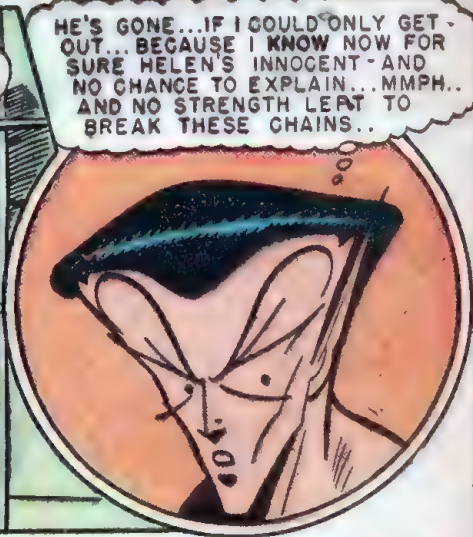
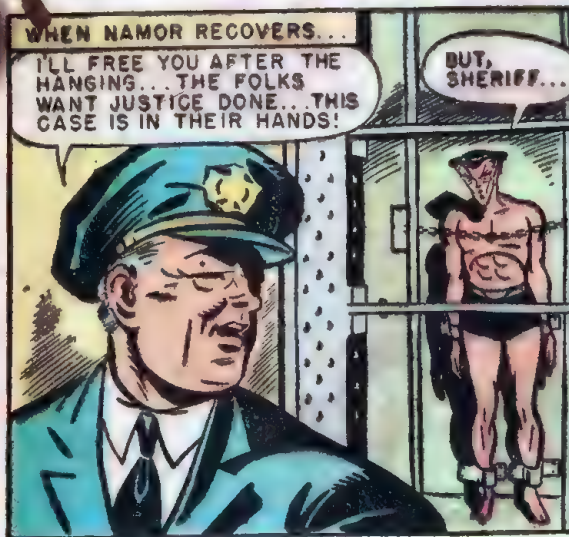
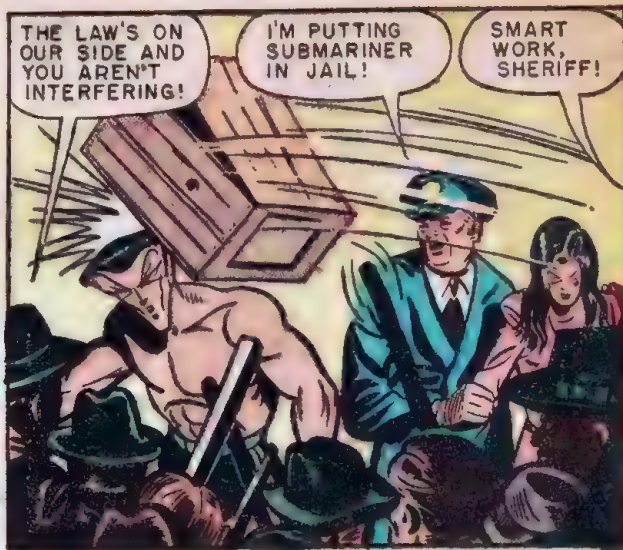
NO! I'M INNOCENT! PLEASE LISTEN TO ME!

LISTEN TO HER. LET'S HEAR HER STORY!

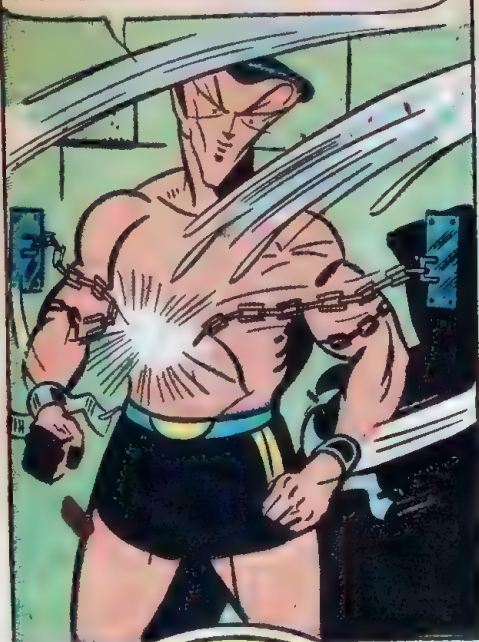


A MAN PHONED THIS AFTERNOON THAT I WAS WANTED ON THE DOCKS... SOMETHING ABOUT THE BUS ACCIDENT. I WENT, WAS STRUCK ON THE HEAD, AND REMEMBER NOTHING UNTIL I FOUND MYSELF HERE NEAR THAT DEAD MAN. I WAS FRIGHTENED, AND RAN ABOARD THE BOAT.



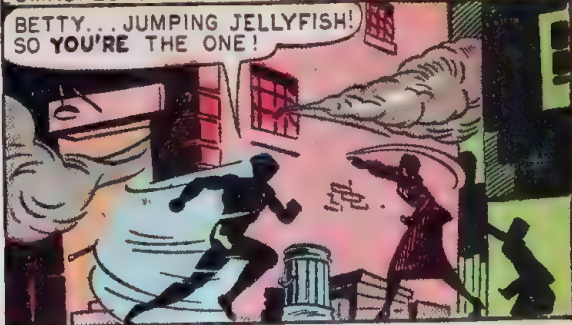


FATE IS WITH ME! AH!! NOW
IRON BARS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE.



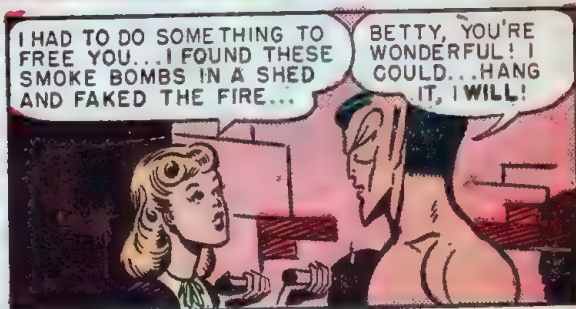
STRENGTH RENEWED, SUBMARINER EASILY
SMASHES OUT THE CELL DOOR!

BETTY... JUMPING JELLYFISH!
SO YOU'RE THE ONE!



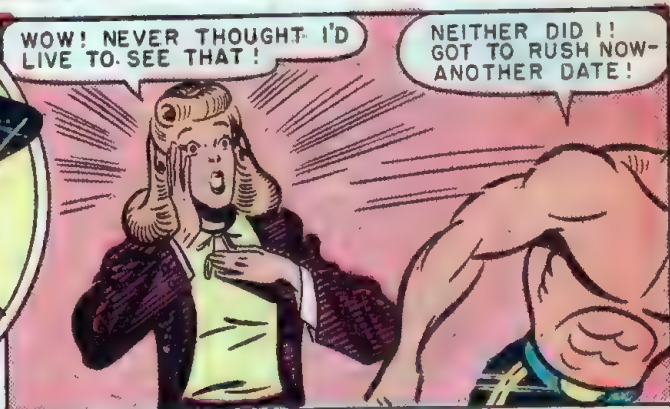
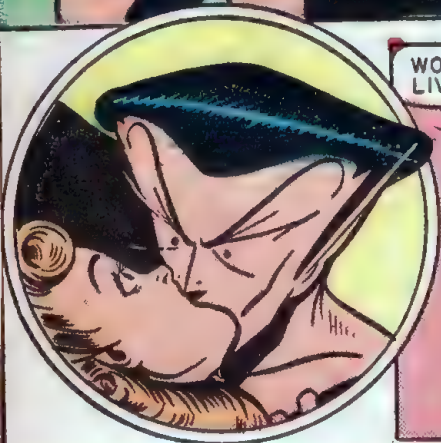
I HAD TO DO SOMETHING TO
FREE YOU... I FOUND THESE
SMOKE BOMBS IN A SHED
AND FAKED THE FIRE...

BETTY, YOU'RE
WONDERFUL! I
COULD... HANG
IT, I WILL!



WOW! NEVER THOUGHT I'D
LIVE TO SEE THAT!

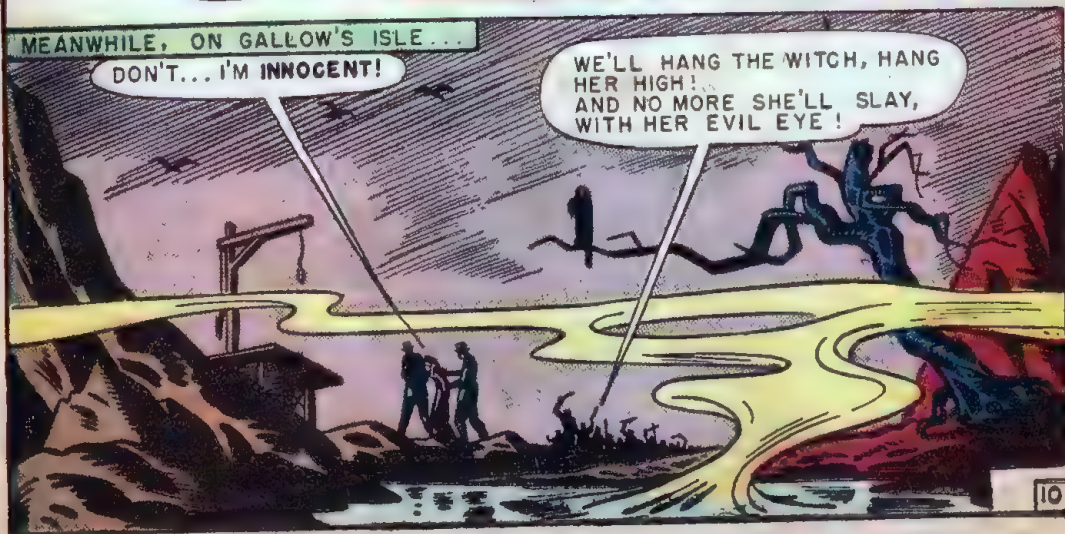
NEITHER DID I!
GOT TO RUSH NOW-
ANOTHER DATE!

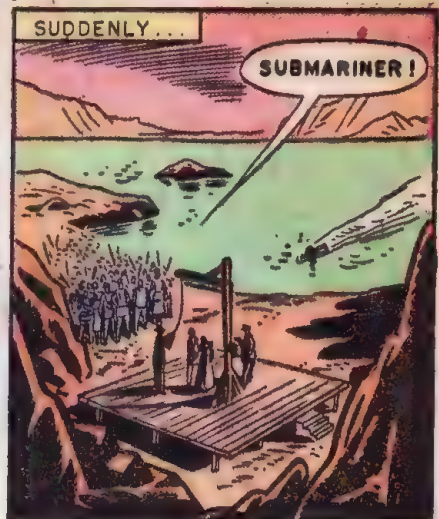


MEANWHILE, ON GALLOW'S ISLE...

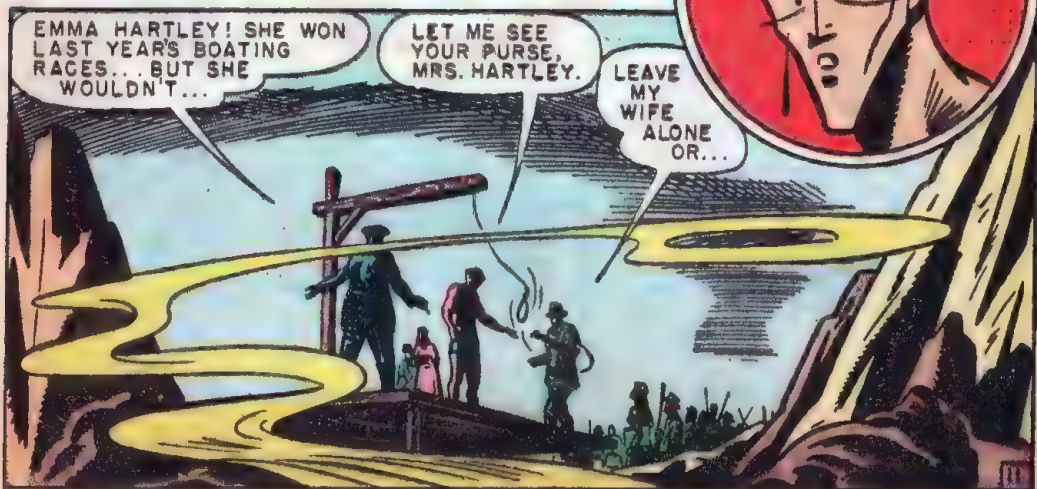
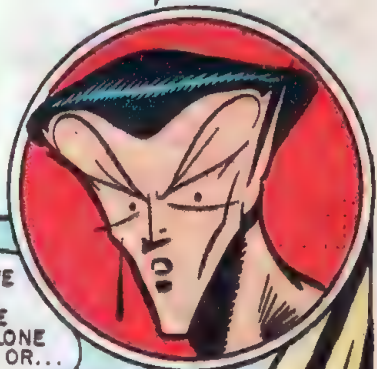
DON'T... I'M INNOCENT!

WE'LL HANG THE WITCH, HANG
HER HIGH!
AND NO MORE SHE'LL SLAY,
WITH HER EVIL EYE!

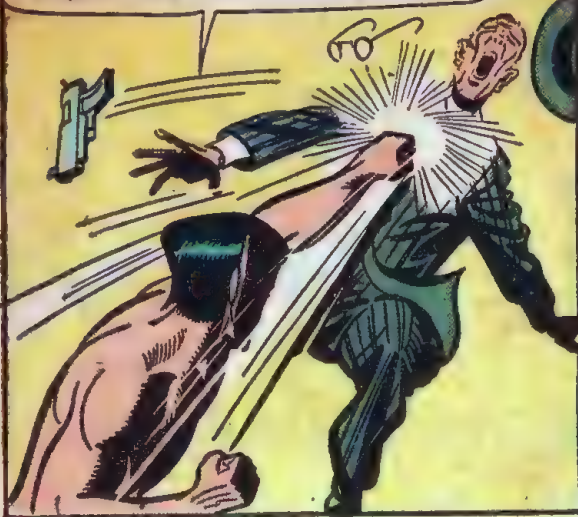




EXCEPT WHAT A CORONER CAN VERIFY. WILLIAM RICE DIED BEFORE SUSAN AMES... I COULD TELL BY THE BODY TEMPERATURES... IF HELEN KILLED RICE, WHY WAS SHE AT THE DEATH SCENE MANY MINUTES AFTER HE DIED? SOMEONE KIDNAPPED HER, ATTIRED HER IN THE "WITCH" DRESS... STAGE PRODUCTIONS ALWAYS PROVIDE TWO COSTUMES OF EACH ROLE... THE WITCH I PURSUED WASN'T HELEN... THAT ONE WAS AN EXPERT HANDLING A BOAT... HELEN ISN'T. SHE STEERED INTO ROCKS... IS THERE ANY FEMALE BOAT EXPERT IN TOWN?



A GUN, EH? NOW YOU SOUND DESPERATE!
I SURELY WANT THAT PURSE, MRS. H!



AS EMMA ATTEMPTS TO FLEE, SHE
TRIPS AND...

NO... NO...



LATER...

YOU WERE RIGHT,
SUBMARINER! AUTOPSY REPORT
SAYS SUSAN AMES AND RICE
DIED OF CURARE POISON-WHICH
EMMA CARRIED IN HER PURSE! AS
FOR THE BOUQUET SUSAN HELD
AND THE FLOWER IN RICE'S LAPEL,
YOUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT AGAIN.
FLOWER STEMS WERE DIPPED
IN CURARE!



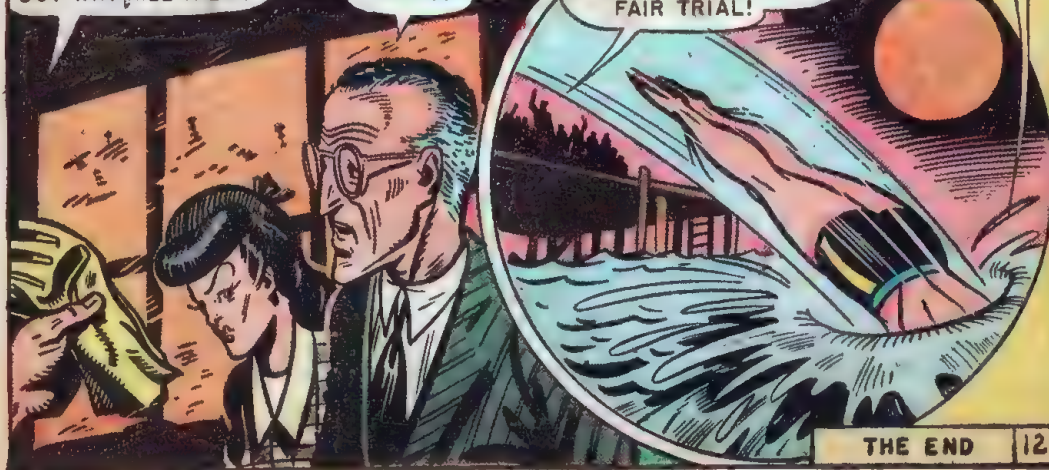
YOU WORE THESE
GLOVES FOR PRO-
TECTION, EMMA
HARTLEY, WHILE YOU
HANDED YOUR VIC-
TIMS POISON FLOWERS.
BUT WHY KILL THEM?

I WAS DEEPLY IN DEBT TO
THEM, AND COULDN'T PAY
THEM BACK. HELEN STAN-
DER'S COMING HERE AND
THE BUS ACCIDENT GAVE
US THE WITCH-CRAZE
IDEA...

STILL LATER...

YOU GAVE THIS TOWN
A GOOD LESSON, SUB-
MARINER--- ON THE
WRONG OF MOB
VIOLENCE!... EVERY
HUMAN DESERVES A
FAIR TRIAL!

YOU BET!
THAT'S
DEMOCRACY!
SO LONG,
FOLKS!

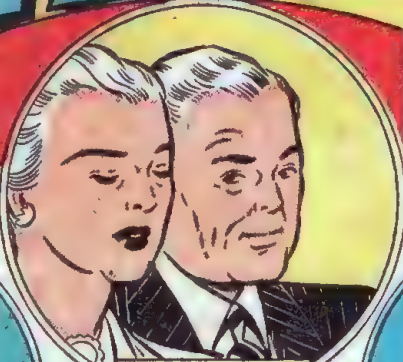


THE END

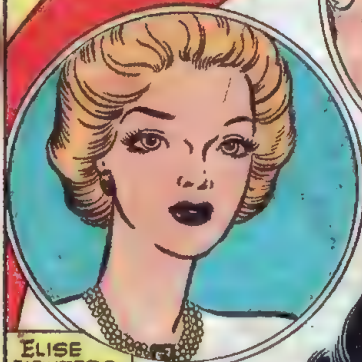
12

Miss AMERICA

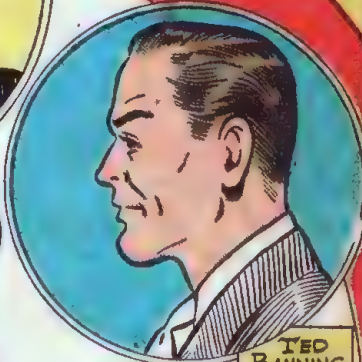
CHAPTER 3 "THE LIGHTS GO OUT!"



MR. & MRS. ILES



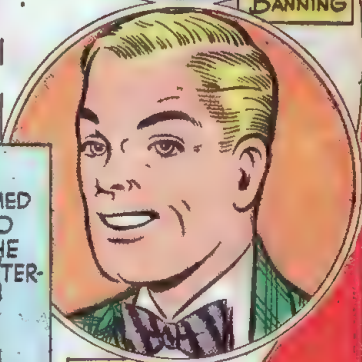
ELISE WINTERS



TED BANNING

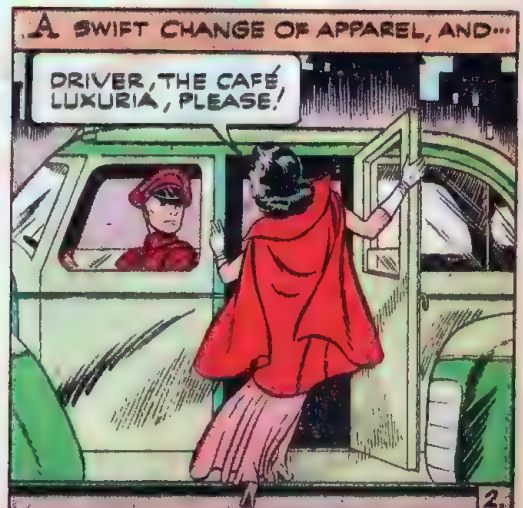
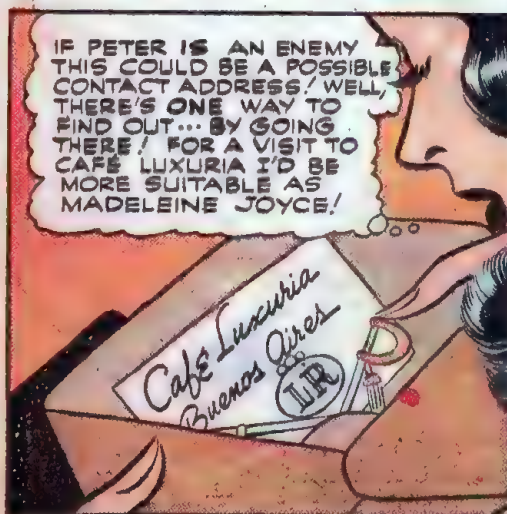
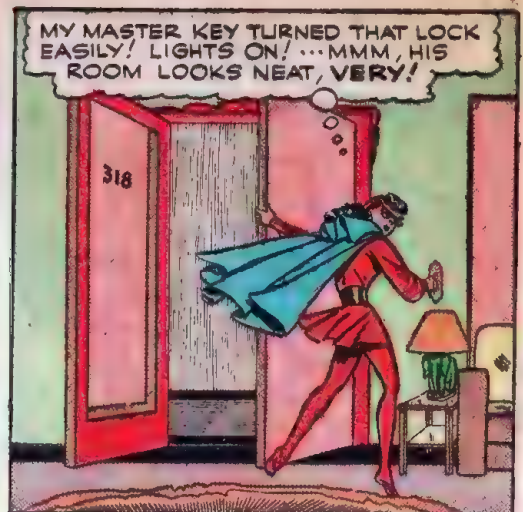


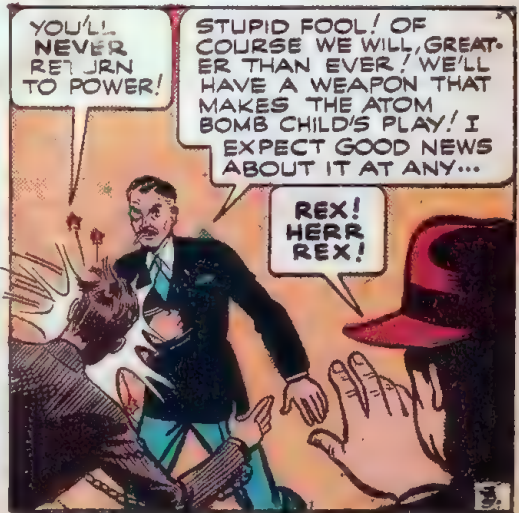
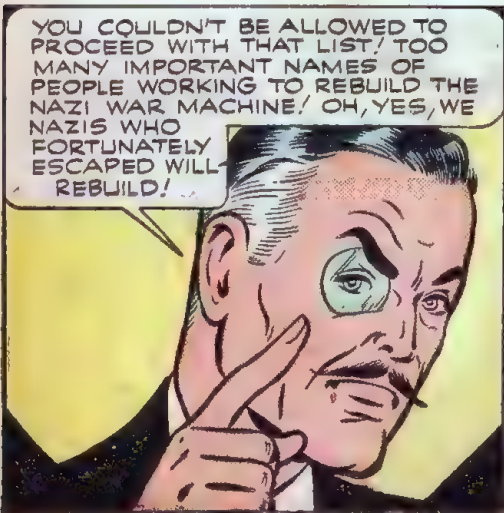
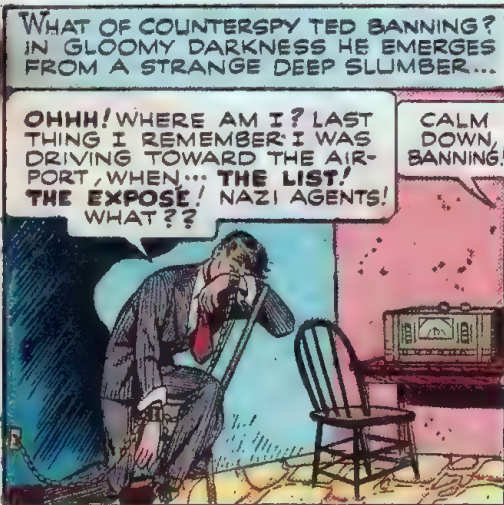
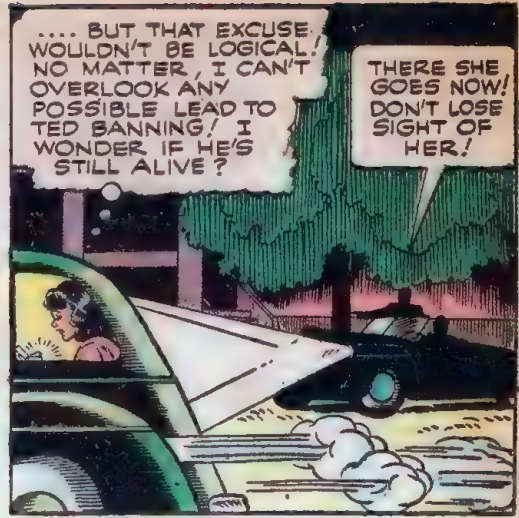
REX



PETER CARR

MADELEINE JOYCE, THE FAMED MISS AMERICA, SENT TO BUENOS AIRES TO PROBE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF A COUNTER-SPY AND HIS EXPOSE LIST OF ESCAPED NAZIS, FINDS THAT GUNMEN HAVE RANSACKED HER HOTEL SUITE. UNKNOWN TO HER, AN APPARENTLY INNOCUOUS BRACELET IS THE BOOTY THEY SEEK. NOW SUSPICIOUS OF HANDSOME PETER CARR, WHOM SHE HAD MET EN ROUTE TO BUENOS AIRES, MISS AMERICA IS ABOUT TO DO SOME INVESTIGATING...







WHAT'S THE MATTER, BRUNWALD? WHERE'S THE BRACELET?

I DIDN'T GET IT! EVERYTHING WENT WRONG! MISS AMERICA INTERFERED!



MISS AMERICA?

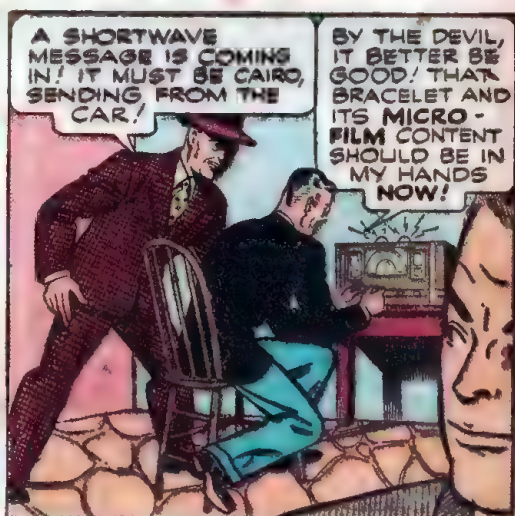
YES! AFTER I WENT TO MADELEINE JOYCE'S ROOMS TO LOOK FOR THE BRACELET, TWO MEN CAME IN, ALSO LOOKING! I HID, READY TO GRAB THE BRACELET IF THEY FOUND IT. BUT MISS AMERICA CAME IN NEXT...AND IS SHE TERRIFIC!



AND YOU'RE DONE FOR WITH HER ON THE TRAIL!

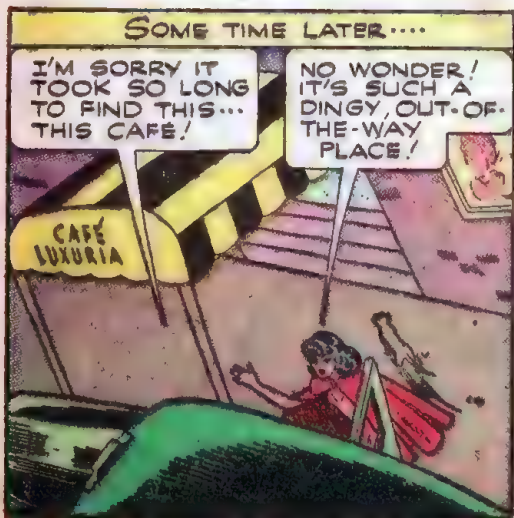
SHUT UP, BANNING! BRUNWALD, WERE YOU FOLLOWED?

NO, WE'RE IN NO DANGER! I BLACK-JACKED HER AND GOT AWAY! THE OTHER TWO MEN RAN OUT, ALSO, AND I LEFT CAIRO TO GUARD!



A SHORTWAVE MESSAGE IS COMING IN! IT MUST BE CAIRO, SENDING FROM THE CAR!

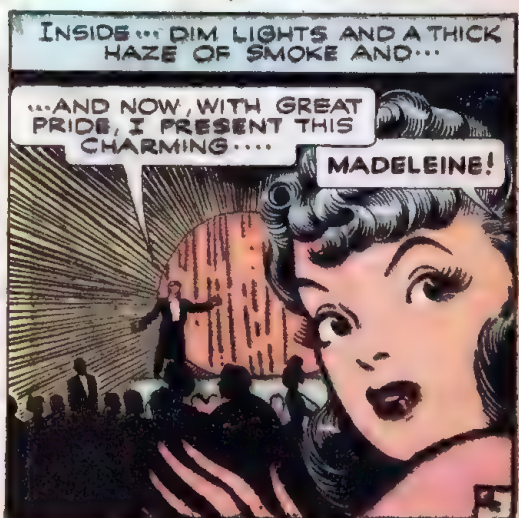
BY THE DEVIL, IT BETTER BE GOOD! THAT BRACELET AND ITS MICRO-FILM CONTENT SHOULD BE IN MY HANDS NOW!



SOME TIME LATER....

I'M SORRY IT TOOK SO LONG TO FIND THIS... THIS CAFÉ!

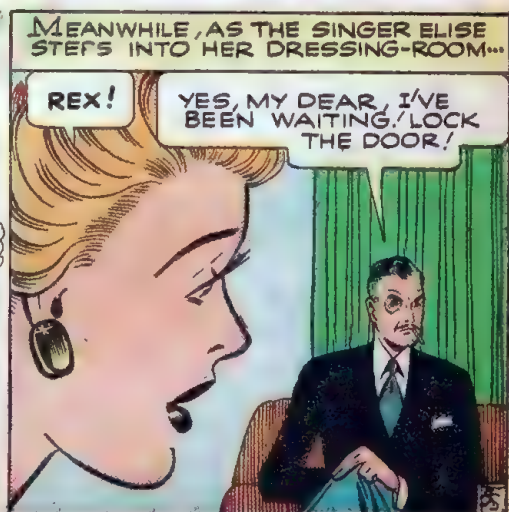
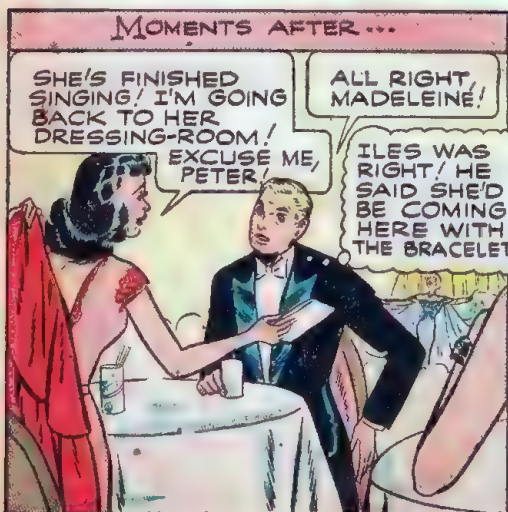
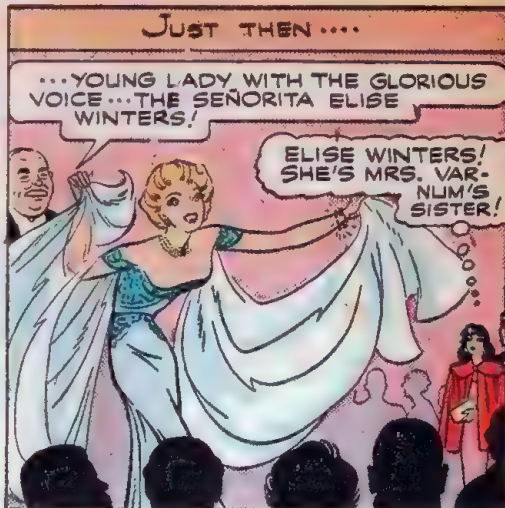
NO WONDER! IT'S SUCH A DINGY, OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACE!

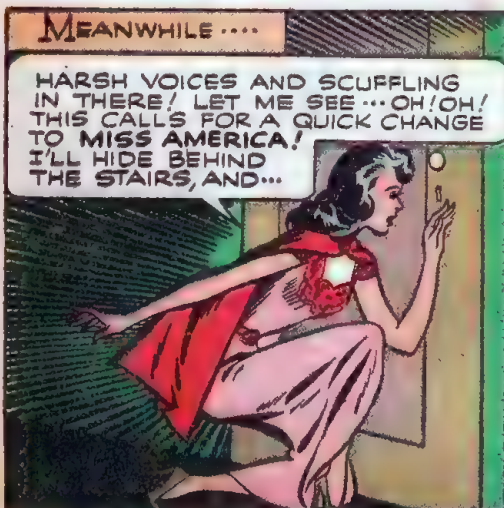
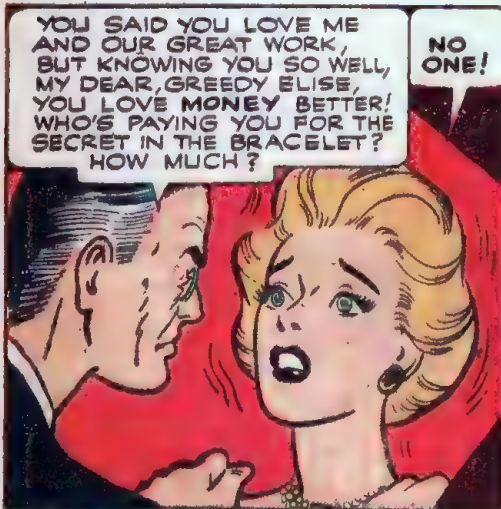
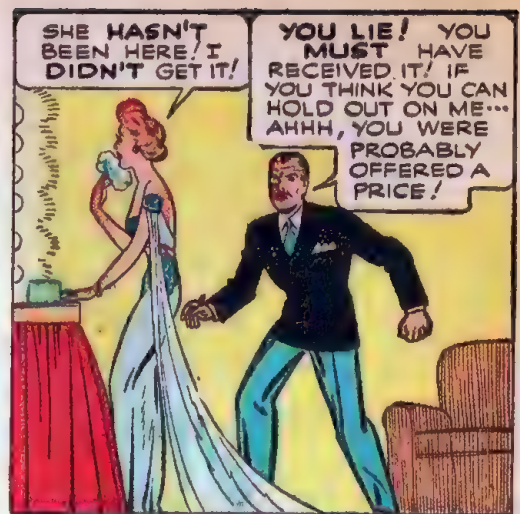
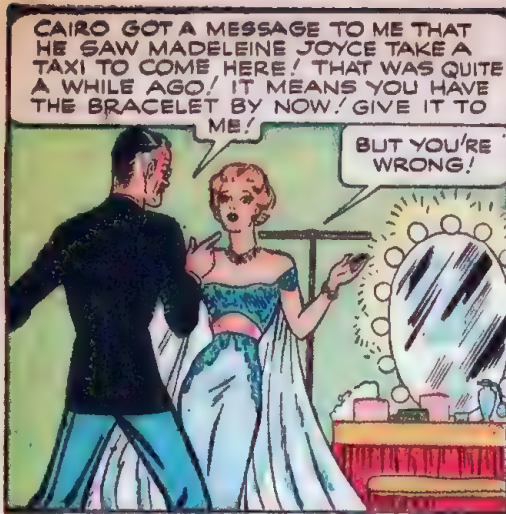


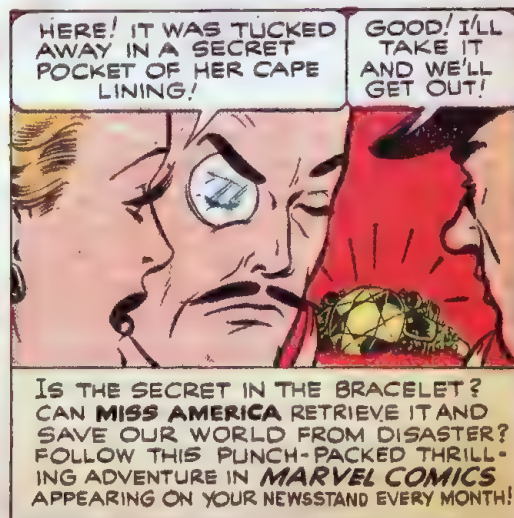
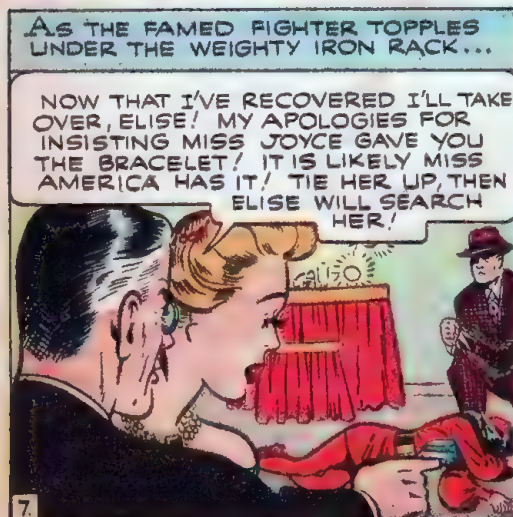
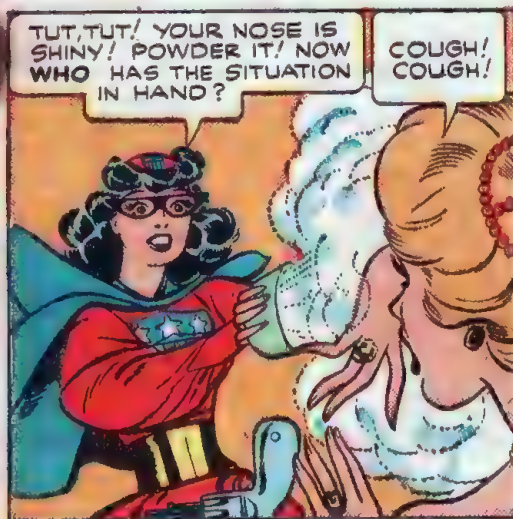
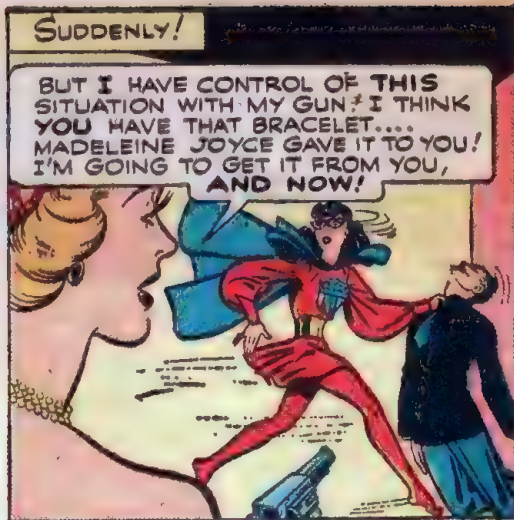
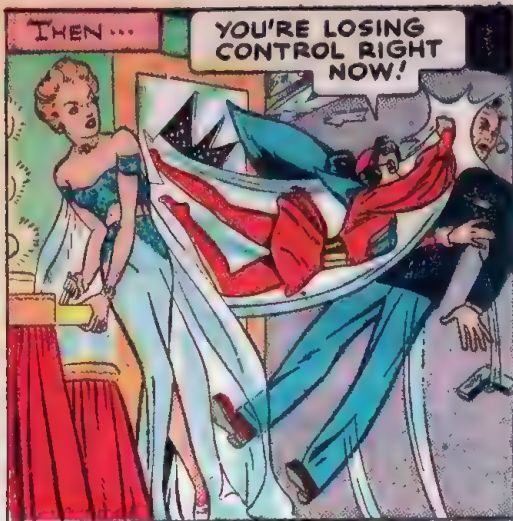
INSIDE... DIM LIGHTS AND A THICK HAZE OF SMOKE AND...

...AND NOW, WITH GREAT PRIDE, I PRESENT THIS CHARMING....

MADELEINE!









ONE DAY TO LIVE!

BART THOMPSON had persisted in claiming his innocence. If only those two witnesses to the "slugging" of Pop Holliday hadn't been so insistent! They had walked around the corner of the warehouse building and seen Bart with the bloody club in his hand . . . and Pop, the night watchman, lay prostrate on the ground before him, a deep gash in his forehead.

And yet, there was one rookie detective who had been assigned to the case, along with several veteran sleuths, who felt all along Bart Thompson had been convicted on circumstantial evidence, and there *was* the possibility that the kid was telling the truth when he said that he had "just happened on the scene . . . saw old man Holliday on the ground before the large warehouse door in the alley, and picked up the club through curiosity, when those 'witnesses' came around the corner and saw him."

Older and wiser detective Danny McGowan grinned at the younger man. He had seen rookies like Mac Cooper before.

"Look, Mac . . . that warehouse was jammed with valuable furs; a tempting prize for any thief! True, it wasn't proven that Thompson had actually entered the warehouse. But a fortune in furs *had* been stolen. Thompson must have been the lookout for the rest of his gang, and when he slugged the watchman, the rest beat it and left him to take the rap! Sure, he claimed there is no gang, and that he saw no one else around the warehouse. But he *was* just lying, that's all! There was the watchman dead, and Thompson holding the bloody club which did the killing. His were the *only* fingerprints on the club. That's evidence enough for me!"

But Mac shook his head doubtfully and left the station-house. He was thinking about the strained look on Bart's face when the judge delivered the death sentence:

"On the third day of May, to be hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may . . ."

Then Mac's brain snapped today's date into his mind. It was the second of May! The kid was to die the next day . . . **ONE DAY TO LIVE!**

Mac could feel a cold shiver play up and down his spine. If Thompson were really innocent, and his life were cut short the next day by the hangman . . .

Mac stopped short and looked up at the building before which he was now standing. It was the warehouse! Mac walked around the building, examining the windows, side-doors, and the ground near the old structure. When he came to the doorway in the alley where the body had been found and Bart beside it, the detective stopped. His eyes were covering every inch of the immediate area. He recalled just how Holliday's body had been stretched over the rough gravel, head toward the doorway and feet facing *away* from the building.

The position of the body was as if it had been *dragged from inside* the warehouse by the feet, and then deposited in the alley outside the door. And it had *never* been proven that young Thompson had entered the building at any time!

"Maybe I've *got* something there!" Mac thought. "The missing clue I hope to find *may* be inside this place!"

Mac entered and was at once accosted by the manager. The detective made his identity known at once, and told the surprised guy that he was going to take a look around.

"It has something to do with the Thompson case," he said.

"I thought that case was all sewed up?" the manager remarked. "The killer is gonna hang tomorrow, you know. But, if you want to look around, go ahead!"

He walked away into his glass-enclosed office and shut the door. As Mac walked away in the opposite direction, the manager watched him furtively. Then he reached for the phone on his desk and dialed a number.

Mac sauntered leisurely between the rows of steel vaults and the dozens of fur pelts which hung on racks.

"A load of these furs were stolen by someone," he thought. "They claim it was Thompson's gang, and he insisted he didn't belong to any gang. Would a thief try to shield his fellow criminals, when his own life was to be taken from him? I just can't see that at all!"

The more Mac thought over the circumstances, the more he doubted Bart's guilt. He continued his rambling until he came to the end of the main floor. He was now standing near the rear windows. They had iron bars, close together . . . too close to pass fur pelts through them.

And then Mac's eyes fell to his feet. His eyes opened wider as he beheld a thin slit along the floor. And then he noticed three more slits; the four of them formed a solid rectangle. It was . . . a trap door! A thin bar of steel was leaning against the wall nearby. Mac grabbed it and began to pry open the door. It lifted enough for him to grab it and pull the door out. A large opening in the floor was revealed, with a ladder leading down about twenty feet! This warehouse was on the edge of the waterfront . . . and green sea-water lapped around the bottom rungs of the ladder!

A flash of realization came to Mac at once. The burglars had used a motorboat to effect the robbery! They had come under the old wharf, up to the ladder, climbed up and pushed the trap door open, and one of them had thrown the furs down into the boat to an accomplice, while another member of the gang had killed Holliday, the watchman, and dragged him by the feet outside into the alley, and dropped the club beside him. Young Thompson had just happened along and found the body and picked up the club in bewilderment. The next two people who came along found him like that, and had, of course, assumed that Bart had murdered Pop. Only Bart Thompson's fingerprints were on the

club, because the real murderer had been wearing gloves!

Mac was certain he was right. He replaced the trap door in its proper position, and hurried toward the manager's office. But he stopped short as he saw the latter and two newly-arrived tough-looking mugs, both with guns in hand, headed toward him!

Mac knew he was in for it. He had snooped around and found the missing link . . . how the furs had disappeared. And now the unknown criminals were showing their hand, and were going to trump him! The manager and his two accomplices!

A staccato of bullets resounded through the building. Mac felt the warm blood flow down his left arm from his shoulder, as he ducked behind a steel vault. He drew his revolver and fingered it gently in his right hand. He was outnumbered. He wouldn't be able to get too many shots in! He dashed behind one vault after another, dodging hot lead and waiting for his chance. Then it came. A rack of fur pelts tumbled to the floor, distracting his pursuers. He took careful aim and fired two shots. The two thugs howled with pain as they dropped their guns and grasped their wrists. The manager was not armed, so Mac did not have to worry about him. Before he could stoop and pick up his companion's guns, Mac was in front of him, threatening. The bewildered manager raised his arms, high.

Two policemen on the beat rushed in, attracted by the shooting. Mac made a quick explanation, and they took charge.

... Later, in the district attorney's office, after Mac's shoulder had been patched up, a call was put through to the governor, and a stay of execution was granted. The three crooks, overwhelmed by the sudden turn in events, had confessed everything, and Bart Thompson was cleared of any complicity in the crime. The next day, he walked out through the prison gates, a free man.

And do you know what he's doing now? Well, Mac Cooper got him a job, and Bart Thompson is now a proud cop. And his beat . . .? You guessed it . . . along the waterfront, keeping an eye on the warehouses and their valuable contents!

THE END

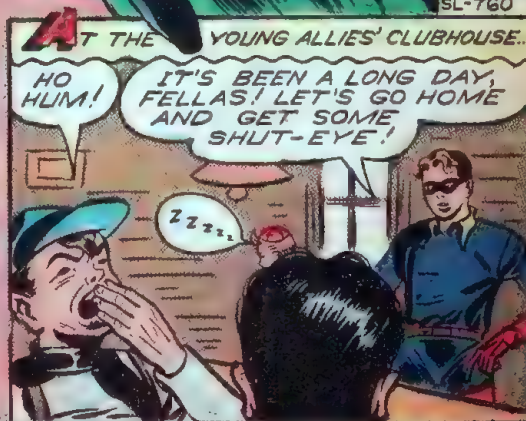
YOUNG ALLIES

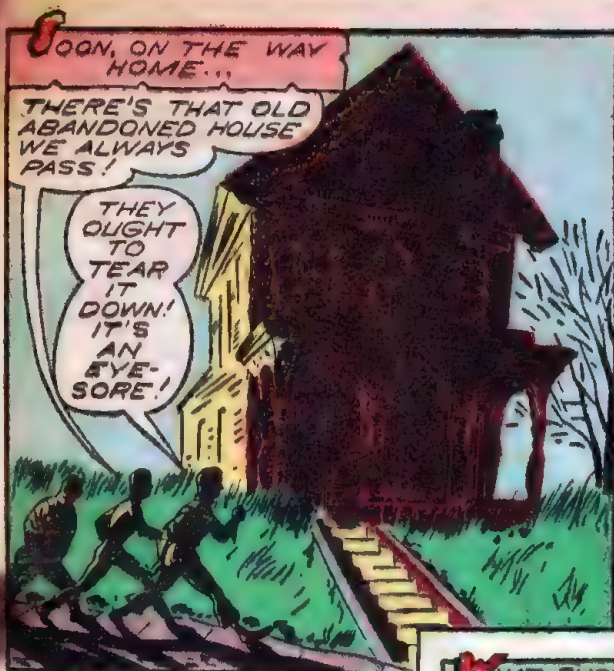


SL-760

MANY ARE THE MYSTERIES THAT HAVE AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER CONFRONTED THE **YOUNG ALLIES!** BUT NONE SO BAFFLING AS NOW WHEN THEY FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS OF A "TREASURE MAP" AND FIND... **NOTHING!** TRAILED BY RUTHLESS CROOKS, FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES AT EVERY TURN, THE VALIANT BOYS TRY TO SOLVE THE SPINE-CHILLING RIDDLE OF THE

"JEWELS of DESPAIR!"

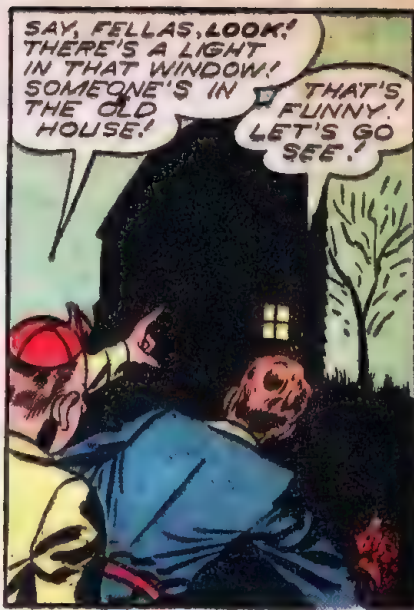




MOON, ON THE WAY HOME...

THERE'S THAT OLD ABANDONED HOUSE WE ALWAYS PASS!

THEY OUGHT TO TEAR IT DOWN! IT'S AN EYE-SORE!



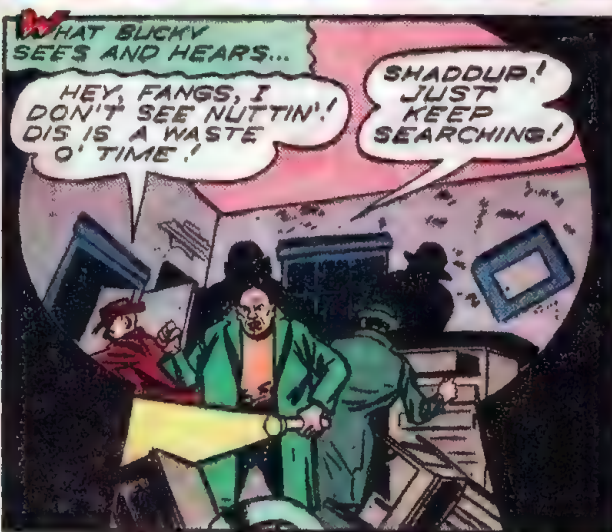
SAY, FELLAS, LOOK! THERE'S A LIGHT IN THAT WINDOW! SOMEONE'S IN THE OLD HOUSE!

THAT'S FUNNY! LET'S GO SEE!



DERE'S SOMEONE IN DA NEXT ROOM!

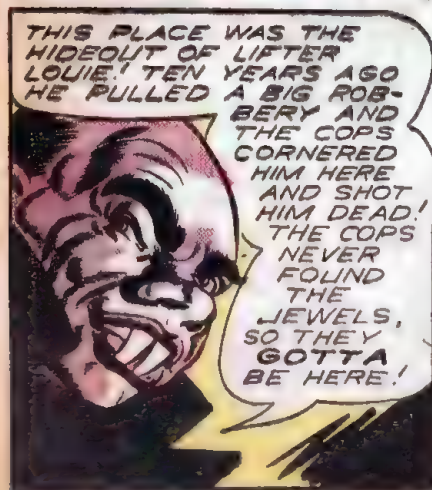
I'LL PEEK THROUGH THE KEYHOLE!



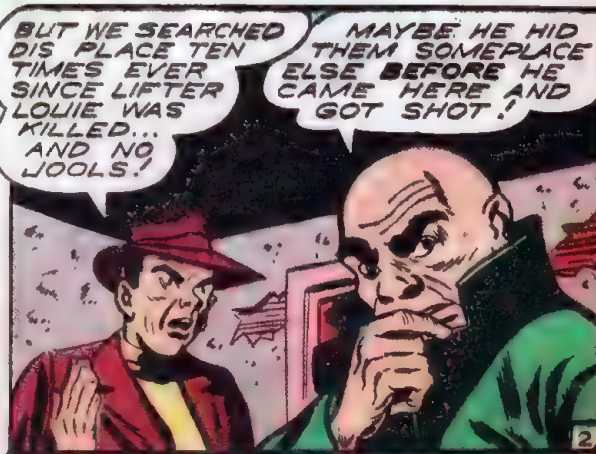
WHAT BUCKY SEES AND HEARS...

HEY, FANGS, I DON'T SEE NUTTIN'! DIS IS A WASTE O' TIME!

SHADDUP! JUST KEEP SEARCHING!

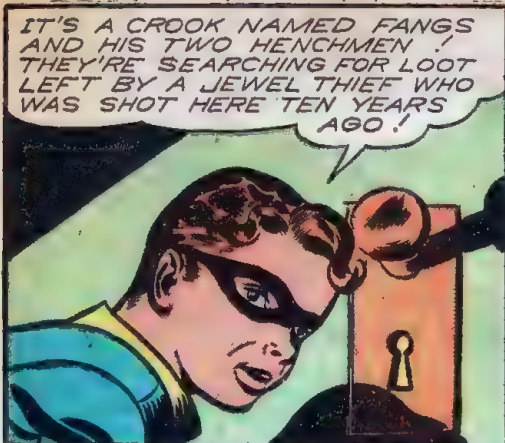


THIS PLACE WAS THE HIDEOUT OF LIFTER LOUIE! TEN YEARS AGO HE PULLED A BIG ROBBERY AND THE COPS CORNERED HIM HERE AND SHOT HIM DEAD! THE COPS NEVER FOUND THE JEWELS, SO THEY GOTTA BE HERE!

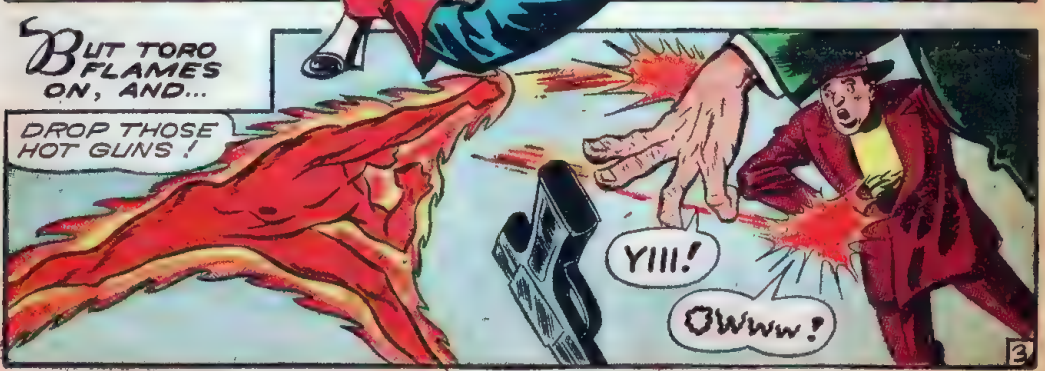
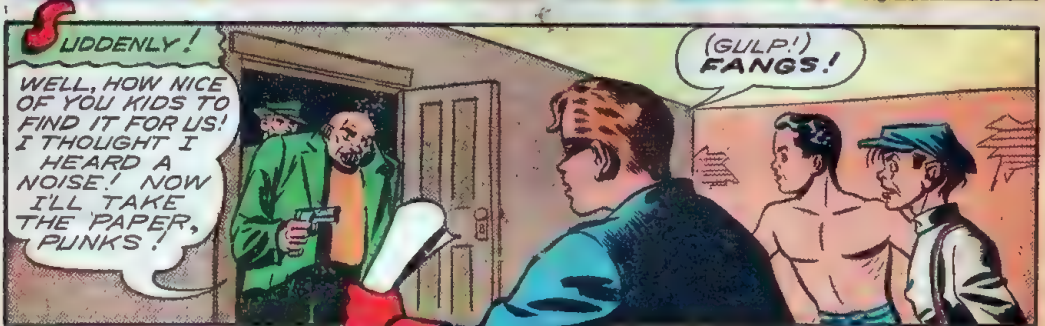
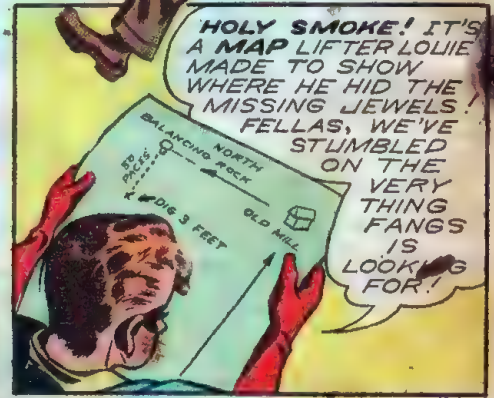
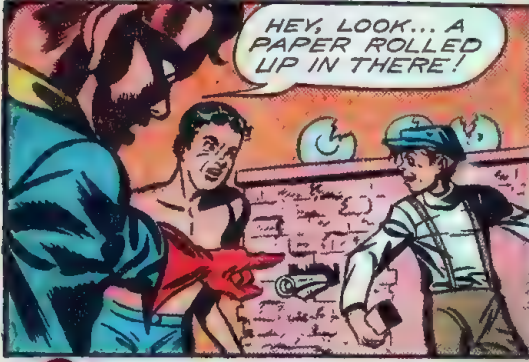


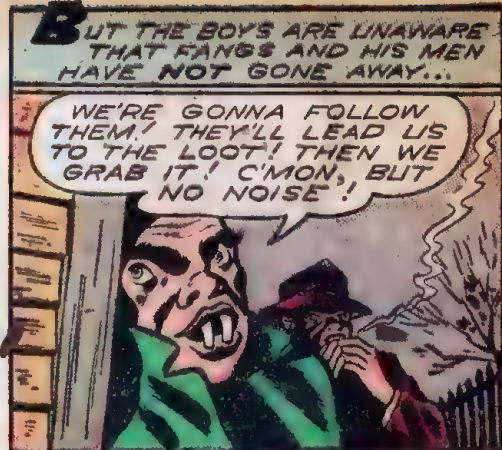
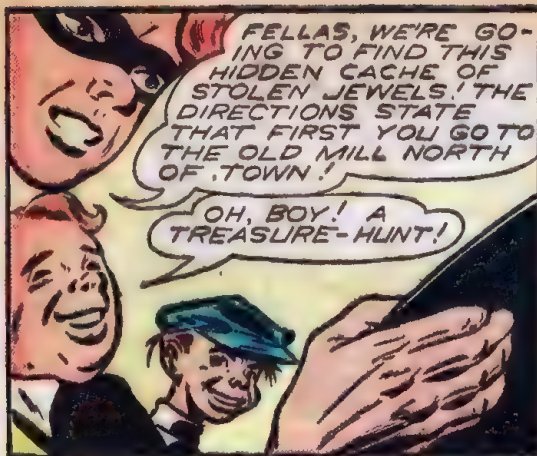
BUT WE SEARCHED DIS PLACE TEN TIMES EVER SINCE LIFTER LOUIE WAS KILLED... AND NO JOOLS!

MAYBE HE HID THEM SOMEPLACE ELSE BEFORE HE CAME HERE AND GOT SHOT!

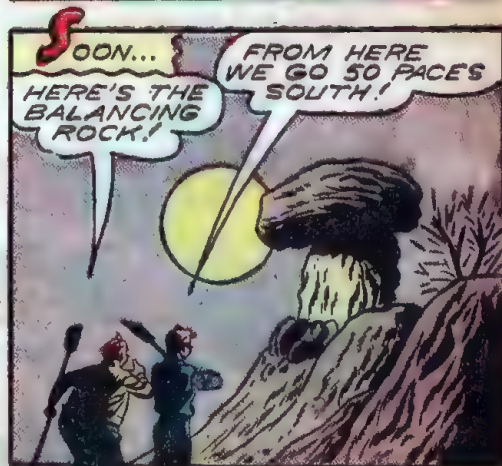


BUT IN PULLING AWAY THE BRICK, KNUCKLES HAS REVEALED A STRANGE THING IN A HIDDEN SPACE BEHIND THE OLD FIREPLACE...





LATER, AFTER THE BOYS HAVE PICKED UP SOME SHOVELS...

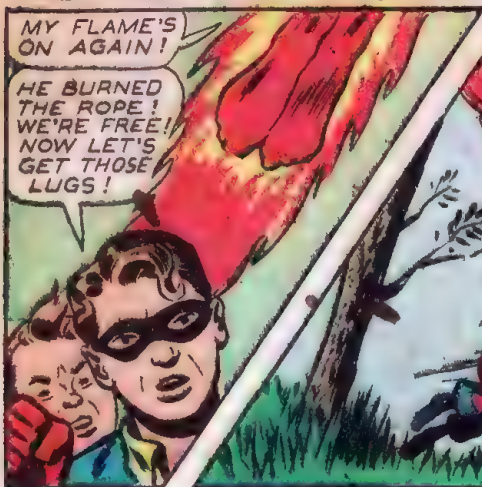




BUT MEANWHILE TORO HAS HAD TIME TO DRY OFF, AND...

MY FLAME'S ON AGAIN!

HE BURNED THE ROPE! WE'RE FREE! NOW LET'S GET THOSE LUGS!



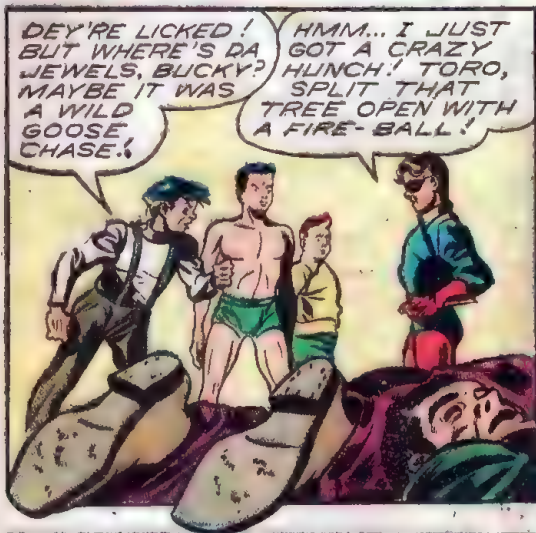
IN A SUDDEN FURIOUS ATTACK THE BATTLING YOUNG ALLIES OVERWHELM THE SURPRISED CROOKS!

LET'S SEE YOU USE A MELTED MACHINE-GUN, FANGS!

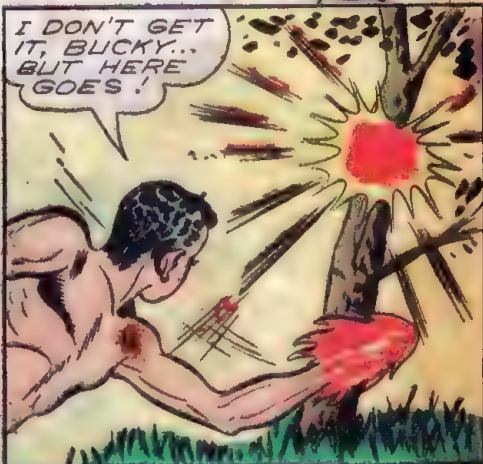


DEY'RE LICKED! BUT WHERE'S DA JEWELS, BUCKY? MAYBE IT WAS A WILD GOOSE CHASE!

HMM... I JUST GOT A CRAZY HUNCH! TORO, SPLIT THAT TREE OPEN WITH A FIRE-BALL!

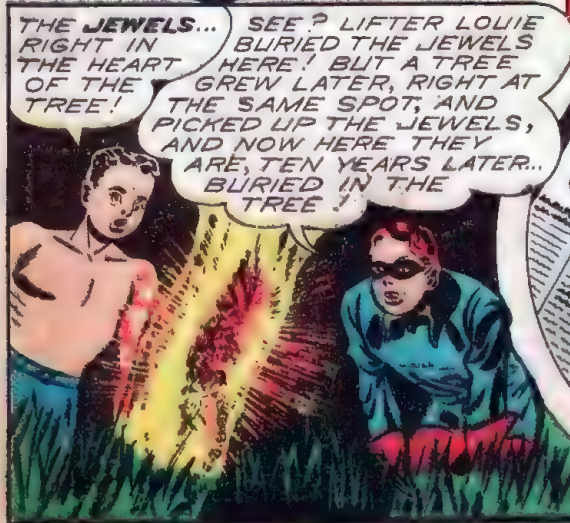


I DON'T GET IT, BUCKY... BUT HERE GOES!



THE JEWELS... BURIED IN THE HEART OF THE TREE!

SEE? LIFTER LOUIE BURIED THE JEWELS HERE! BUT A TREE GREW LATER, RIGHT AT THE SAME SPOT, AND PICKED UP THE JEWELS, AND NOW HERE THEY ARE, TEN YEARS LATER... BURIED IN THE TREE!



DAILY TIMES FINAL
YOUNG ALLIES SOLVE
TEN-YEAR OLD
JEWEL MYSTERY!

END 17



WHEN THE ANGEL ATTENDED THE PERFORMANCE OF THE GREAT MAGOLIIN, HE DID SO AS ONE OF THE AUDIENCE, BUT FATE DECREED THAT HE END UP AS ONE OF THE CHIEF ACTORS IN A DRAMA THAT SNUFFED OUT THE LIFE OF ONE OF THE CAST AND ALMOST TOOK HIS OWN! HERE IS THE STRANGE TALE OF A KILLER WHO WAS INVISIBLE, OF SILENT DEATH, THAT CAME FROM NOWHERE AND VANISHED INTO THE UNKNOWN! IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE! IT WAS...

"MURDER by MAGIC!"

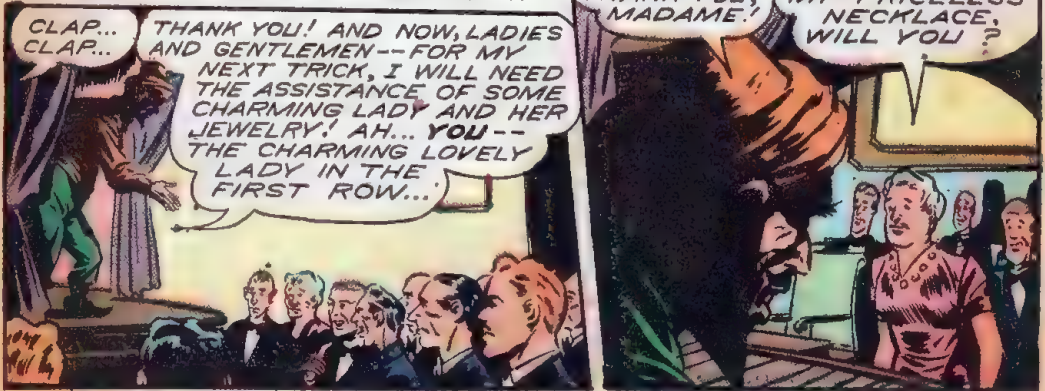
The ANGEL IS ATTENDING A BENEFIT PERFORMANCE AT THE HOTEL RITZ, WHICH IS BEING GIVEN BY THE WORLD-FAMOUS MAGICIAN, THE GREAT MAGOLIIN...

...WON'T YOU VOLUNTEER YOUR SERVICES? THANK YOU, MADAME!

TEE-HEE! I'D JUST LOVE TO! BUT YOU WON'T DAMAGE MY PRICELESS NECKLACE, WILL YOU?

CLAP... CLAP...

THANK YOU! AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--FOR MY NEXT TRICK, I WILL NEED THE ASSISTANCE OF SOME CHARMING LADY AND HER JEWELRY! AH... YOU--THE CHARMING LOVELY LADY IN THE FIRST ROW...

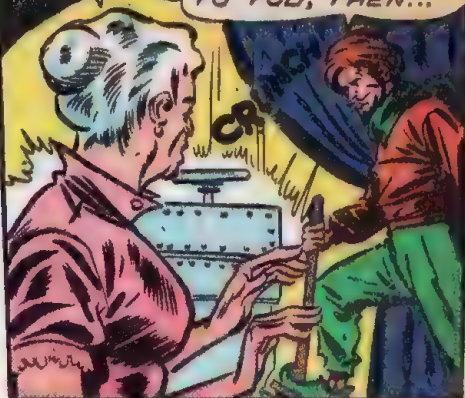


HA! HA! THE LADY ASKS IF WE'RE GOING TO DAMAGE HER JEWELS? DAMAGE? I'M GOING TO REDUCE THEM TO MERE DUST!



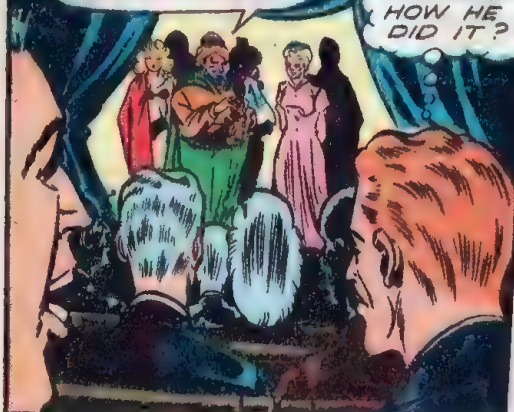
OH HHHH! MY JEWELS! MY LOVELY JEWELS!

ALL THIS GRIEF FOR A MERE BAUBLE? DEAR MADAME-- IF THEY MEAN THAT MUCH TO YOU, THEN...



... PRESTO! AND HERE THEY ARE-- UNHARMED AND IN ALL THEIR MAGNIFICENCE!

M'MMM! CLEVER DEVIL! WONDER HOW HE DID IT?

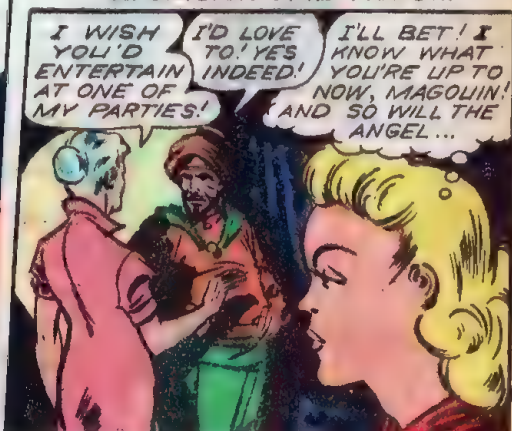


WHILE BEHIND THE MAGICIAN, HIS ASSISTANT, MAGNA, CONFIRMS A SUSPICION AND ACTS...

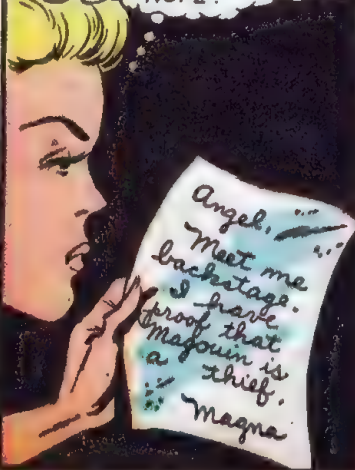
I WISH YOU'D ENTERTAIN AT ONE OF MY PARTIES!

I'D LOVE TO! YES! INDEED!

I'LL BET! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO NOW, MAGOLIN! AND SO WILL THE ANGEL...



...WHEN HE GETS THIS NOTE!



Angel, Meet me backstage. I have proof that Magolin is a thief. Magna

LATER...

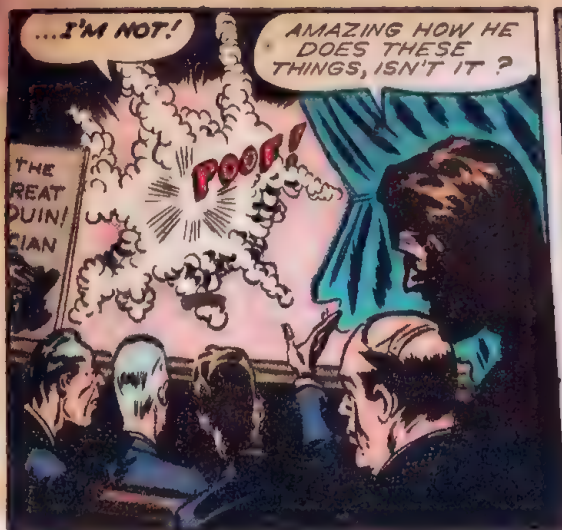
I SAW MAGNA HAND THAT NOTE TO THE STAGEHAND. SHE MUST SUSPECT AND IS PASSING HER SUSPICIONS ON TO THE ANGEL!



I MUST PREVENT HIM FROM SEEING HER!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! MY NEXT TRICK IS MY MOST BAFFLING! ONE MOMENT I AM HERE BEFORE YOU, AND THE NEXT...





AS THE ANGEL APPROACHES, MAGOUIN STRIKES!



MAGOUIN HURRIES ONSTAGE, AND AS THE SMOKE CLEARS, HE IS THERE FOR ALL TO SEE...

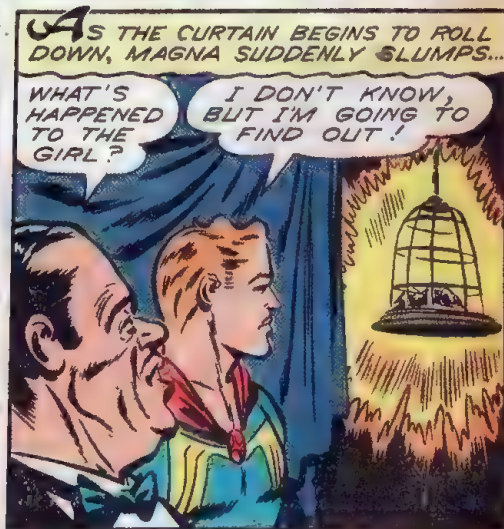
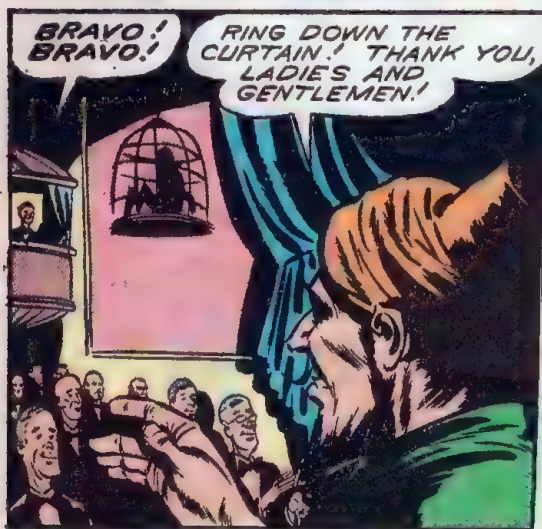
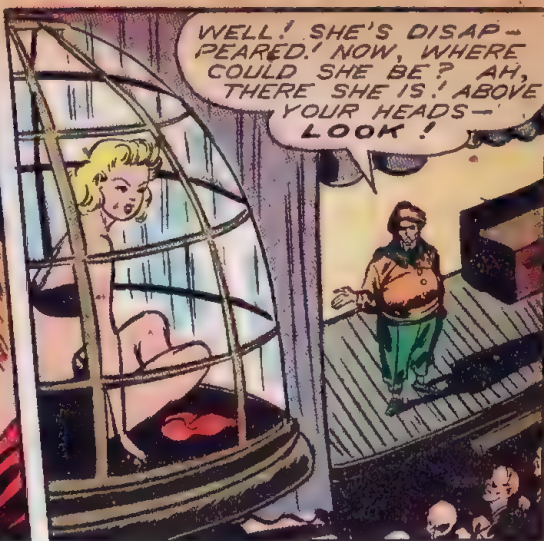
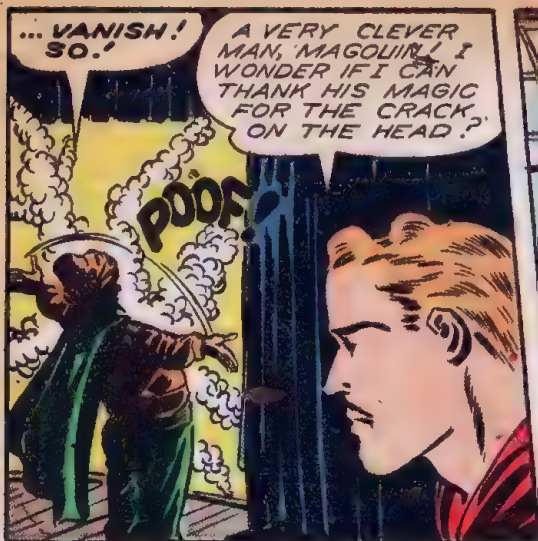
THANK YOU! AND NOW, WITH THE HELP OF MY LOVELY ASSISTANT, MAGNA, I GIVE YOU THE GREATEST ILLUSIONARY TRICK OF THEM ALL!



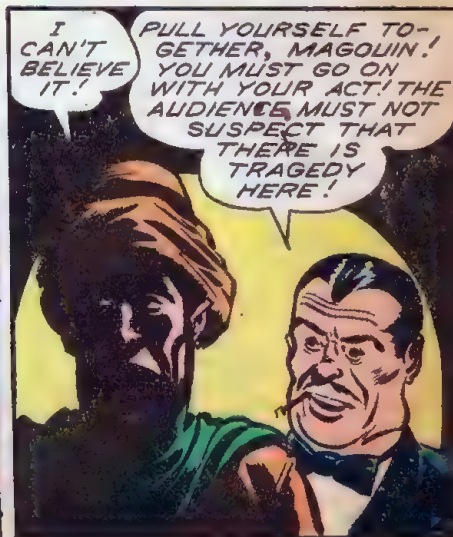
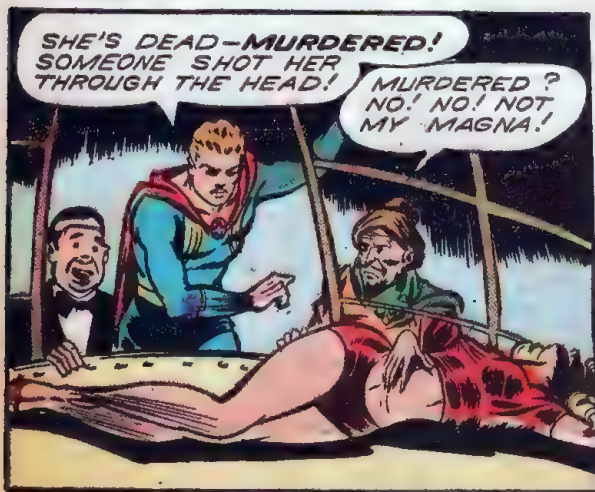
LIGH-- MY HEAD!

YOU SEE MY ASSISTANT IN THIS GLASS COFFIN. SHE IS IN FULL VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE. NOW, WATCH CLOSELY! I SHALL MAKE HER...



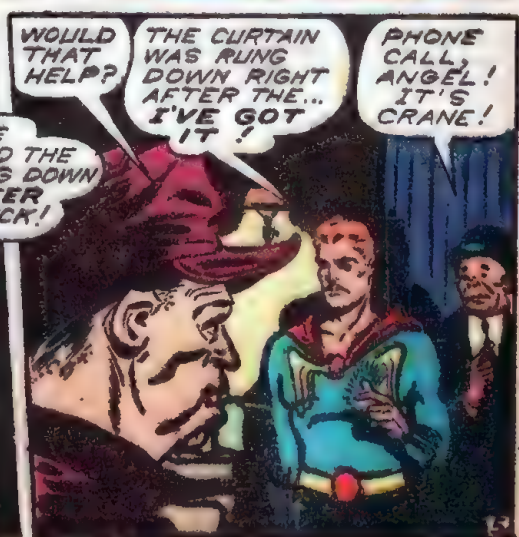
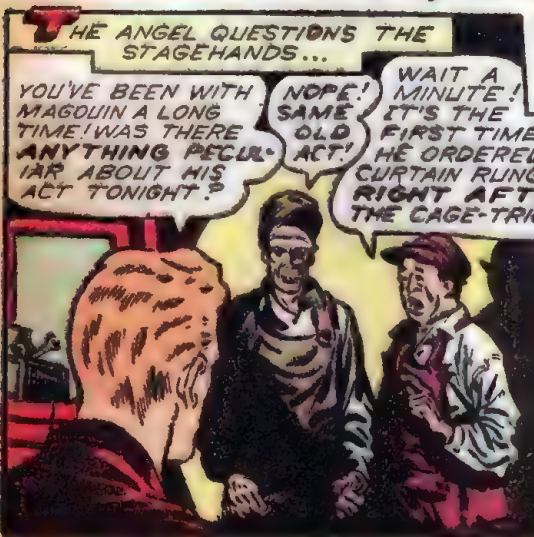
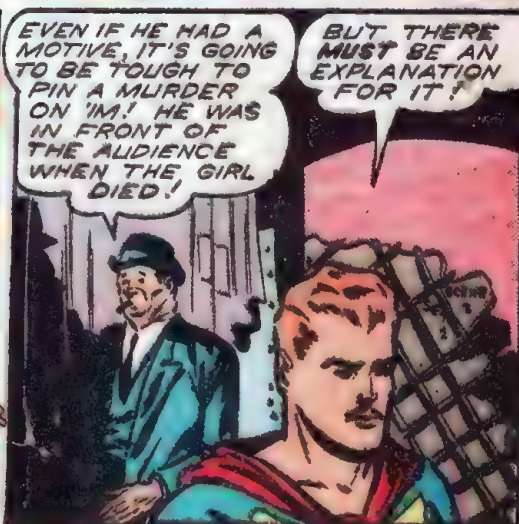
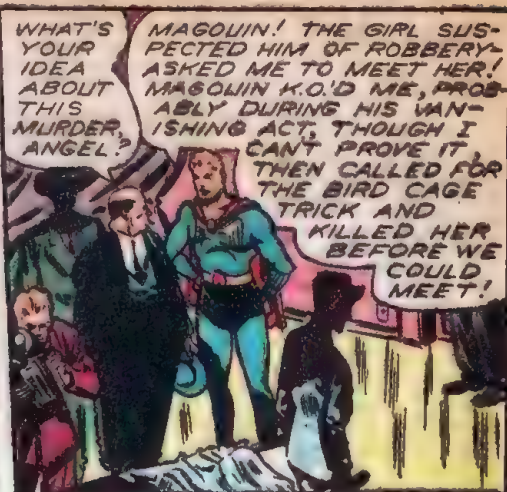


Then...





The POLICE ARRIVE! THEN...





HELLO, CRANE! DID YOU GET AN APPRAISAL ON THE JEWELS? GOOD! THEY WERE, HUH?

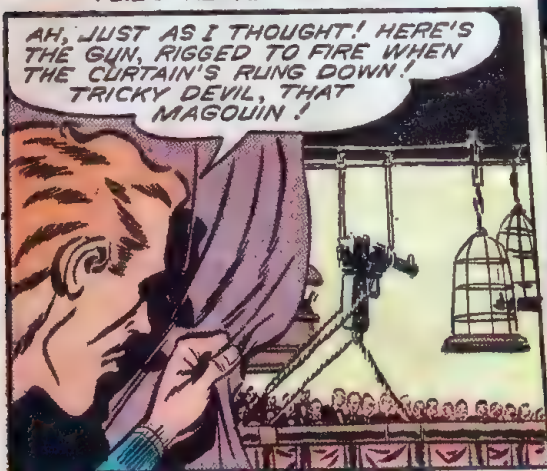


THE JEWELS ARE PHONY! MAGOUIN TOOK THE WOMAN'S GENUINE JEWELS FOR HIS TRICK, PULLED A SWITCH AND HANDED HER BACK THE PHONIES! WE'VE GOT HIM ON THAT!



POST YOUR MEN AT ALL EXITS! I'VE GOT ONE MORE THING TO DO BEFORE WE WIND THIS CASE UP!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE FLIES ABOVE THE STAGE...

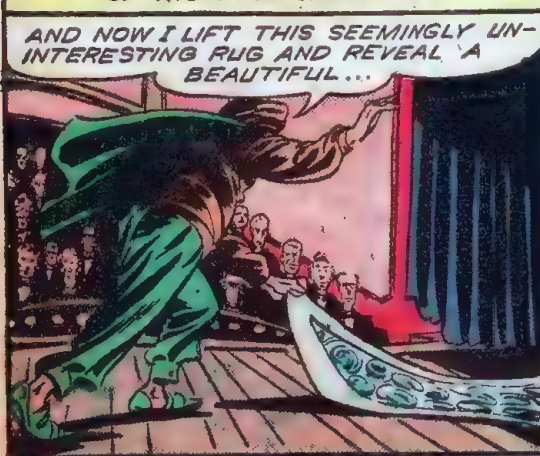


AH, JUST AS I THOUGHT! HERE'S THE GUN, RIGGED TO FIRE WHEN THE CURTAIN'S RUNG DOWN! TRICKY DEVIL, THAT MAGOUIN!



BUT I'VE GOT A FEW TRICKS UP MY SLEEVE, ALSO!

MEANWHILE ON STAGE THE GREAT MAGOUIN GOES INTO THE LAST TRICK OF HIS PERFORMANCE...



AND NOW I LIFT THIS SEEMINGLY UN-INTERESTING RUG AND REVEAL A BEAUTIFUL...



(GULP) THE ANGEL! THE PERFORMANCE IS OVER, MAGOUIN! YOU'VE PLAYED YOUR LAST TRICK!





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100 ft. Rolls of "Laugh a Minute" \$_____

Cartoons at \$2.75 \$_____

for which I enclose \$_____ Postage \$_____

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☐ Our Gang Comedies ☐ The 3 Stooges

Name _____

Street or R.F.D. _____

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WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

"Let me show YOU too, HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF COMMANDO -TOUGH

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says **George F. Jowett**
whom experts call the

WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

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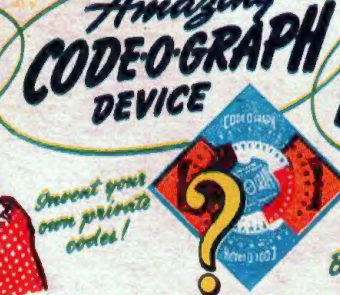
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